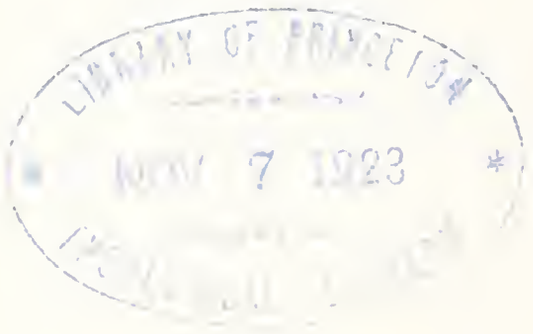

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My forty years in New York

MY FORTY YEARS IN NEW YORK

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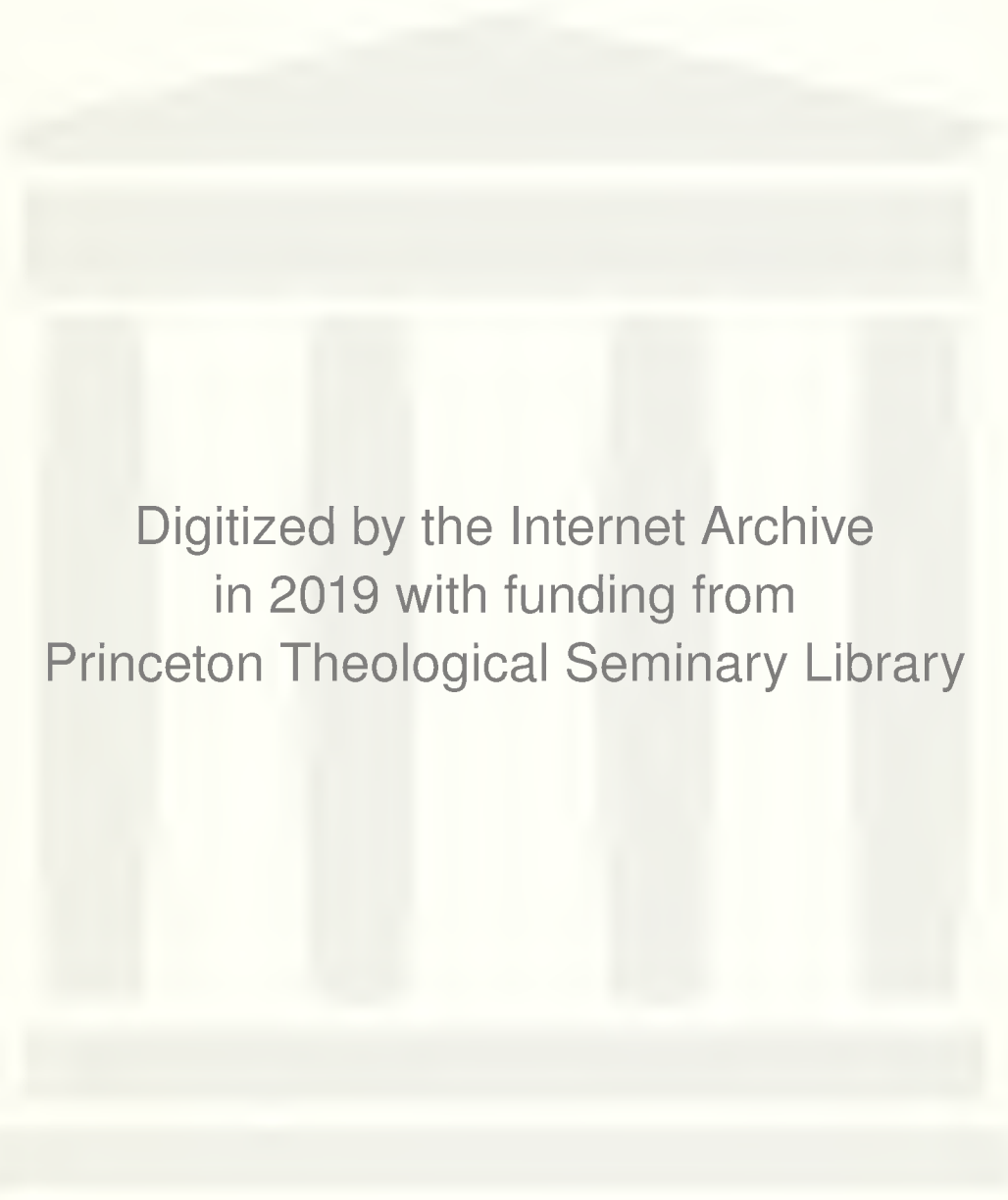
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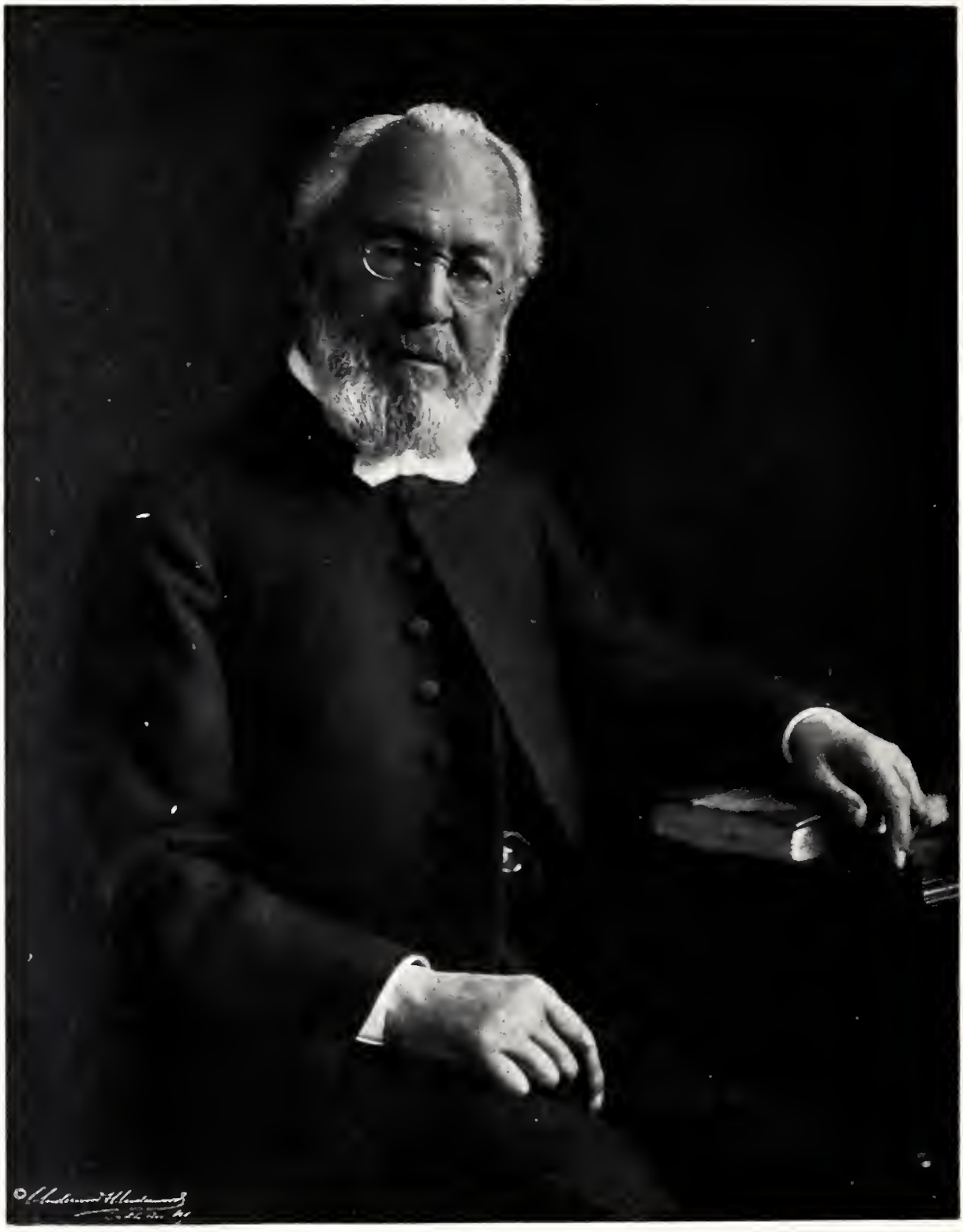

Chas. H. Parkhurst.

MY FORTY YEARS IN NEW YORK

BY

REVEREND C. H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.

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A FOREWORD

THE tests applied to a New York City preacher are severe and conclusive. They all are summed up in whether he can endure the place and whether the place will endure him. Can he stay? One of the ablest Bishops of my Church who served successfully two terms in the city, in what was our most prominent church, told me that New York City sifted a preacher as no other place in the world, and that every year men were ground to dust between the upper and nether millstones of the pulpit. The fact that a man was invited back to the same pulpit in New York was a vindication of his powers, and that was said when the term of service was only five years. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst remained more than seven times that time, including a period of intense controversy and strife. Through storm and calm his enemies never flattered themselves with the thought that they could substitute for him another occupant of his pulpit. They brought to bear upon him every force possible but every year saw him victorious over his foes and gathering to himself increasing power. If you were to ask me what that power was I would answer you with the single word "pulpit."

Since the Apostles there have been remarkable pulpit

demonstrations. The pulpit of Dr. C. H. Parkhurst is one of them. It was not a collective pulpit; he preached alone, while good men questioned the expediency and the wisdom of such preaching. Why, such conservatism at such a time, when the issues were as moral as the Ten Commandments and their spiritualized forms the beatitudes is amazing! Politics was prudent; business was cautious; friends were timid; the foe was vicious; the church kept its sacred robes respectably out of the mire. Wise counsels talked a misapplication of the wisdom of the serpent and left the dove to flutter out of his charms as it could, or more often, could not. One pulpit, fastened to a rock, built into the rock, aimed its rifled gun against the most conspicuous iniquity in the continent's greatest city. Dr. Parkhurst preached the devil into the light where his hideous form was revealed, and showed men that he could be conquered by preaching. He had been too great a devil for any other force to handle. All forces had been conquered by him and had joined with him, and he had derisively grinned and leeringly flung out the old question, "What are you going to do about it?" And that devil devouring our municipal authority, corrupting the defenders of our homes, treading on our virtues, shaming us unutterably in the whole civilized world, was preached to death by the single-handed and lone Presbyterian preacher on Madison Square. He shot holes through him. He captured his minions and put them on exhibition before the people. He toyed with that devil's champions of patronage and made them contemptible; he penetrated his jungle and

lair and wrought dismay and consternation in that devil's mightiest counsels. To all of their defense and apologies, their threats and defamation, through the press and otherwise, the preacher aimed the rifled gun of the Madison Square pulpit and aimed it straight!

Do you tell me that the courts woke up and great lawyers came to the help of the preacher,—yes, that is true, and no one has more cheerfully given every credit to them than Dr. Parkhurst. But what he would not claim, thousands now see; it was the preacher who aroused the courts from the slumbers and quickened the public conscience and made the logic of resistance to the monster of iniquity an appeal of all the people.

The pulpit has always been a signal power. It is measured by fearless application of force when all else has failed and its power has shot out in tongues of flame. It appeared among the prophets of old; it counted not its life dear to itself among the Apostles; its enemies have been potent along the peaks which have lifted centuries into ranges of conquest and progress. It has been a call of God when nothing else would do the work, and the work seemed too great for a voice and no other voice would be heard. And there came the man; the man who heard nothing but that voice. Prudence was against it; taste, comfort, reputation were against it, and it stung the conscience; it deafened every other sound; it thundered; it roared like a tempest; the stars were out of their courses, and the inner man cried out: "Here am I, send me! Send me! Not with a sword, not with my friends, not with wealth, not with the wisest and best, but against

them; against my friends, against my confidential advisors, against riches and power and influence. Send me with a sermon; with a pebble and a sling, but I will go, and I must go, and I can go because Thou art sending me."

Forty years ago there was no more brilliant preacher in New York than Charles H. Parkhurst. He was the preacher of a great ecclesiastical body, signalized for its loyal part in the Revolutionary War, consecrated to the best things for humanity. His church was uptown on one of the city's great squares. His pulpit was historic. He was a cultured son of Amherst College; his tastes were literary; he was gathering to his hearing some of the foremost lights of the western hemisphere's Metropolis. Chapin's sacred oratory was a setting sun; Bellows' graceful eloquence was dropping its fragrant petals; John Hall had come for a service fast maturing; Parkhurst was without a rival in the pulpit; he suggested no rival. Among the fading lights no one of them suggested him; he was of himself and needed not to covet any man's gift who was passing out before him. He could afford to be himself in the fear of his God, but Dr. Parkhurst turned aside from all of this and went out whither the Lord would send him. He had a vision; he saw his city fast being given over to the wicked one. He saw a few men in an unequal fight; there are always a few. He preached; he put on an armor that did not fit him, but he made it fit him, and he preached on, and changed the current of his life—what it might have become; not what God meant it should be, but what human

wisdom and prudence mapped it out to be. What disappointment it secretly must have been, but what a triumphant entry into immortality! What he could not do he had compelled others to do by his preaching. He had forced a lawyer as brave as himself and as resourceful to use the courts. He had revealed to his fellow citizens the fires of Hell in the nostrils of the monster of corruption, consuming the innocent and destroying a city which he was sent to save and for which God had prepared him among the hills of New England. And it was to be done as it always must be done, by preaching.

Whatever may be your estimate of Dr. C. H. Parkhurst you will have to concede his greatest power was his preaching. That he might have developed other talents there can be no doubt. He had the qualities of a statesman, but he would have failed as a politician of his times when you use that term in its best definition, for he was not politic. There was no balancing of probabilities or possibilities; there could be but one possibility, and that must square with what he understood to be eternal right and before right all men must go down or stand upon right at any cost. No man measures anything by any other scale. That is where the preacher differentiates; what is the commission; who utters the command? It permits no such thing as a bargain or a price. The world has always feared such men; if it had had enough of them a chance of a speedy millennium would have been infinitely improved. Its greatest lack today is that such men are too scarce in the pulpit. But while this is a simple

statement, it is not all of it; it carries many and fundamental qualities.

The man who preaches is a messenger who gives himself daily to the message he receives. Anyone who knows C. H. Parkhurst feels the force of his whole consecration. Preaching with him is not a profession; it is not to get a living or for fame; it is talent as a trust for which there is an accounting to be given and to which there attaches a daily conscience. It has an objective.

A sermon is not a passing entertainment. It is not to please an audience. It might be the opposite of all that; it will depend upon the manner of man you are who hear. It is a tremendous responsibility which is imposed; how it weighs will explain the preacher; his vision, his interpretations of personal privilege and liberties; the values attaching to his ministry, what he may do with it and what call attaches to it. A call to preach is not a voice and an answer from which a departure is taken and at which a date is fixed, and that is all; it is a day by day affair as much as one's daily bread. The preacher must renew it to know that he has it; he cannot lay it off in periods, he must live it. It is a life. He synchronizes it with the rhythm of his heart. You never will understand Dr. Parkhurst until you feel his preaching call in the consecration of his being. There can be no retreat. To carry on from day to day appears in the freshness of perpetual verdure and bloom of thought. Every sermon, even if a repetition is attempted, is a new application which sounds like the melody of a new truth. You never

heard it on this wise before. It has been growing new roots in the heart; it has been preparing for new fruits in its blossoms. There are bloomings for ornament only. The Japanese cherry never fruits; it riots in blossoms. There are sermons like it; they dazzle with illustration but the boughs never bend under fruit. The hearer of Dr. Parkhurst's sermon must solve a question of obligation; he must choose sides. There is nothing indefinite or merely ornamental about what he has heard; it is not a Japanese cherry tree to admire simply!

Among the traits of Dr. Parkhurst as a preacher you would expect courage and you are not disappointed. But it is a high quality of courage. There is a courage which is belligerent and provocative; it arouses antagonism; it is combative. There is another which is quiet and unassertive; its source is conviction of right and duty. It is never boastful but it is always respected. It does not need to count the cost, it has but one price and that is fixed by the justice and merits of the cause. There is a courage which shouts with the crowd and it goes with the crowd and it disappears when the crowd does. There is a courage which stands alone, having settled the issue and already taken the consequences; that courage is dangerous. There is always a demand for such courage in the preaching which conquers.

Incisiveness is a potent quality of the pulpit; the power of analysis; the separation of truth from error, or of truth into its parts and setting them forth in their relative values and claims. It is not that analysis which

refines, tediously, distinctions to satisfy the uncertainties of one's own mentality. A listener to Dr. Parkhurst always carries away the impression that the truth under discussion has had an impartial hearing in the study of the preacher, in all of its bearings, before it is submitted to the hearers in the audience. No essential parts are missing. There is no blundering by anatomical carelessness; it has been divided at its joints and resolved into its components, that God's thoughts may be seen and followed in their order. The trouble with many who feel compelled by their impulses to build sound morals, is their failure to appreciate relations of the truth in its application to humanity as a harmonizing whole. The analytical, incisive mind does not embarrass his cause by such blundering; and this leads to another preaching quality somewhat kindred. That is the comprehensive gift. It may be cultivated but it seems to me first a gift. Some minds will see only one thing in a landscape; it may be only mountains or all lakes or all sky lines. But there are valleys and foothills; there is White Face and forest preserves, and meadows and gorges. It is the high art of the preacher to discuss them all.

One of the high qualities which has fitted Dr. Parkhurst to lead the thoughts of men has been the teaching character of his preaching. Nothing has ever been so great that it could be enthroned to the exclusion of all things beside, and nothing is so small that it could be laid aside as of no consequence, in any great appeal which must go forth in the name of God. A judgment of relativity should be classed among the ten talents,

or one talent equal to ten. In this Dr. Parkhurst qualifies superbly and he should be often heard and faithfully studied by forcible reformers who fail to comprehend the value of comprehensiveness.

As a constant preacher Dr. Parkhurst has much to aid him in the free gifts, which if cultivated, are what they are because they were present to be cultivated. An impressive personality; an attractive style; a clear voice; a quiet earnestness and intensity; a happy illustration passing from classic literature to life's common story in striking simile, sometimes relieving the hearer from the tension of his thought, sometimes flooding the whole subject with a light like a sunburst, so radiant, so happy, that you wonder it did not occur to you. They are not overwrought, they are not conceits, they belong to Parkhurst, and they bear his trademark. They are surprises in the landscape through which he takes you. They illumine logic.

Dr. Parkhurst is well timed. He comprehends his subject and has no trouble in making you comprehend it, but he does not exhaust it nor himself nor you. You always wish there were more of the same sort. It is a pity that so many preachers spoil their sermons by overpreaching them.

Dr. Parkhurst uses a manuscript. I have wondered whether he would do better without it; I doubt it. That question he doubtless has raised and settled. Some preachers spoil themselves by trying to be extemporaneous without the gift or the nerve control. Some never can handle a manuscript successfully. Dr. Parkhurst uses the manuscript most effectively and when he is

through you lack nothing of aroused convictions and you are glad that it is in form for preservation and he has it as he thought it and said it and not as a reporter spoils it.

The friends of Dr. Parkhurst hail with delight the announcement that after the retiring hour of the army and the courts is past, a church of another denomination has persuaded him to give his great city another year's preaching. We envy this congregation, but those of us who have the privilege of his sermons in the summer among the Adirondacks will insist that the vacation period shall not be shortened because a congregation from all over our country will be waiting eagerly one of America's greatest preachers!

JAMES R. DAY,
Ex-Chancellor Syracuse University.

A TRIBUTE

"THAT young minister has the right spirit. He will be heard from yet." Thus commented the late Bishop Henry C. Potter after a visit to the "white church on the hill" at Lenox, where he heard Doctor Parkhurst preach. In the writer's presence the Bishop in 1904 narrated this circumstance as attending his visit to the church in Lenox. At that time Doctor Parkhurst was unheard of outside of the community where he ministered to his rural congregation. His transference to an opulent metropolitan church was to him, of course, an event of great importance, but to citizens of New York it proved of even greater importance.

At that time conditions in the municipal life of New York were what was publicly described as intolerable, and yet there seemed to the people no means of relief. Like a pall there settled down upon the city that feeling of apathy which not infrequently is characteristic of democratic institutions and which expresses itself in the popular saying "Oh, well, we cannot change things. Let us make what we can out of them." Since the close of the Civil War, by the process of political party accretion there had been accumulating misgovernment and political corruption. The people were thoroughly aware of their existence, but seemed to be either incapable or unwilling to relieve themselves from the

ever-increasing burden of odium and taxation. To the student of the workings of democratic institutions, it must be cause for deep concern to observe on the one hand the apathy of the well-meaning, comfortable citizen who is satisfied to drift along with the tide because it would be too much trouble to pull against it, and on the other hand the large number of men who have either an interest or a profit, actual or expectant, in the existent political order.

Party rule or ascendancy as such cannot be held responsible for bad government or political corruption. It is the perversion of the party machinery to evil purposes by men who work into control and who cleverly utilize party feelings and loyalty to subserve their own evil designs.

Several efforts were made to break the domination of the "ring" that held the city in its iron grip, but with one exception they all lacked sincerity and were simply the noise made by the "outs" trying to break into the "ins." That exception was resultant from the exposure of the Tweed plunderers, and when the public-spirited men that led that movement passed from the stage of activity the city relapsed into a passive quietude which was occasionally ruffled by the spasmodic efforts of the various brands of democracy seeking the stamp of regularity. Almost every year a movement for reform was started. Sometimes the reformers were partially successful, but when they were the reformers after a short time needed reformation. Generally speaking, the struggle for municipal control was for the offices, the patronage and the consequent

pickings. There was no genuine attempt to purify the city government and construct a better system in its stead. It was before the era of great corporate franchises and industrial development that have made political favors so valuable. The prevailing vices of government affected the people in their intimate relations of life, and, consequently, were the more galling.

The maintenance of peace and order and the safety of person and property were of personal interest to the citizen, and the department of the city government charged with these functions was the one that bore the most intimate relations to the people in their lives and daily occupations This department, known as the Police Department, had been for years made the football of party politics, had been used as an instrument for party advantage, and incidentally as a means of profit to the favored among party supporters. It would be difficult to conceive a more effective method to accomplish these purposes than the one that had been put in operation, known as the bipartisan commission. This consisted in the requirement of law that the Department of Police should be governed by a commission consisting of four members, two from the Democratic Party and two from the Republican Party. In selecting their respective commissioners, the party leaders took good care that the most trusted, useful and serviceable men to their party were selected, and from this system there sprang the most odious, oppressive and corrupt system of police administration that ever disgraced municipal government.

Appointment on the force as patrolman could only

be obtained by purchase, and thereafter every step of preferment had to be paid for. Efficiency in the performance of duty was of but slight consideration. The rank of captain was highly prized, eagerly sought for, and commanded a purchase price in proportion to the illicit revenue to be derived. A police captain was a veritable czar in his precinct. He exercised arbitrary power over every person and business that could be brought within police regulation or interference. Nor was this surveillance confined to those occupations that existed by infringement of municipal ordinance or violation of law. It extended to the trader and merchant in legitimate trade and commerce. Police protection of premises or property that should have been given as matter of right and duty was obtained only by purchase. All occupations or lines of conduct that were followed in defiance of law and morals were subjected to tribute. From the liquor saloon to the gambling house, from the policy shop to the pool room, from the fashionable house of ill fame that had to pay monthly, according to the neighborhood and number of its inmates, to the unfortunate street-walker that had to pay nightly for the privilege of walking the patrolman's beat—every source of blackmail and extortion was utilized and formulated into a system, so that the trail of graft was traceable through nearly every channel of municipal life and activity.

Mere accumulation of wealth through graft was not the only pursuit of the police captain. He was expected by his political sponsors to see that the election districts in his precinct made suitable returns on the

night of election. In fact, there were few things in the life of the city in which this omnipresent official did not participate. The extent of his manifold activities was well expressed by the Bohemian people who resided in a certain precinct and who from a painful experience found a word in their Czech language to convey their understanding of his multifarious character, and that was the "Pantata," which meant "Father of all things."

But while corruption ran riot and its flood was taken as a matter of course, it was not the worst affliction on a citizenship that seemed inert and supine. That affliction was the abject and cringing submission to police violence. Clubbing was the order of the day. No police duty could be performed without clubbing. No matter how slight the infraction of peace, the offender had to be clubbed, and it was not all done in public. Frequently the unfortunate who resisted arrest or otherwise aroused the wrath of the guardians of the peace, was beaten in the police station cell. Occasionally a citizen who had been wantonly assaulted by a policeman sought legal redress, and he was laughed out of court. The quickest and shortest route to popular or official favor was brutality in the use of the club on the citizen. Indeed, the most popular, if not the most potential, officer of high rank on the force was generally known as "Clubber ———." Withal there was thorough efficiency by the police in dealing with the declared enemies of society, such as burglars and robbers. From the very nature of their criminal pursuits they could not be arranged or reduced to a system that would

yield tribute. Besides, when drastic methods were used to protect banks, houses and highways, the people, by way of compensation, became acquiescent to the reign of the club and the welter of graft.

These twin evils so encrusted New York that her people became deadened in civic pride and American citizenship to such extent that it seemed nothing short of a moral earthquake could arouse them. And it came, and from a quarter least expected. In the month of February, 1892, Dr. Parkhurst delivered his memorable course of sermons in which he with vigorous and scathing language riveted the attention of the people to the shameful and degraded condition of their city. At first he was derided, then he was jeered, then he was challenged, and finally dared to proof. That a mere minister should use his pulpit as a hustings platform from which to fulminate political harangues was a disgrace to the church and should not be tolerated. It was eminently proper that a minister of the Gospel should in general and glittering terms denounce Satan and all his works and extol piety and all its fruits; but that he should denounce crime flourishing with the connivance of the public authorities was a thing unheard of and calculated to scandalize religion. This was the chorus of condemnation joined in by the thoughtless, indifferent, bellwethered crowd, while those for who because of interest or guilt felt the well-aimed shafts, language failed to plumb the depths of their indignation. The public authorities whose duty it was to investigate whether the conditions described existed, laughed at the Doctor's charges with scorn and refused

to take any official notice. Then arose a demand from press and public for proofs. This it was confidently believed would silence the Doctor and extinguish him in the confusion of failure.

How could such proofs be adduced in the face of reiterated declaration by the sworn officers of the law that the charges were groundless? Here was a test. To meet it required the very highest quality of moral courage, a courage that did not partake of the qualities of the animal or brute, but one that searched the very soul for strength and fortitude. Failure meant all that the word implies, and in addition the derision of the mob and the mockery of the accused. The test was met triumphantly. The proofs were produced, and the challengers were confounded. Immediately the public conscience was quickened, civic bodies such as the Chamber of Commerce commenced to move. The Grand Jury began to inquire. Civic movements sprang into existence. A halting legislature decreed an investigation. And there followed an exposure of corrupt practices in municipal government that shocked the country.

The influence and effect produced were not confined to the City of New York. Large and small municipalities throughout the United States took warning and adopted measures for protection against the spread of the evil contagion.

While it may be true that lapses have occurred, yet on the whole there has been a great improvement in municipal government. The moral tone of the people in relation to it has been elevated to a higher and

healthier plane. Particularly is the change made manifest in the attitude of the policeman to the citizen. No longer does he twirl and use his "locust" on the unoffending citizen as if it were his legitimate function. The citizen now has rights which even the uniformed paid public servant must respect. To Dr. Parkhurst beyond all other men must be accorded the credit for this great change. His genius and courage were the sparks of ignition. He has been classed as an idealist in pursuit of a dream impossible of realization. He recognized that by man-made law alone men could not be made honest nor women be made virtuous. He did not set himself up as an evangel to abolish the social evil. What he did direct his efforts to was the destruction of the criminal combination between the licensed violators of law and morals and the officers of the law who were sworn to prevent such violations and who for their tolerance and participation derived wealth and power.

JOHN W. GOFF.

CONTENTS

PART I—EXPERIENCES

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Early Days	3
II.	Amherst College	28
III.	My First Pastorate	45
IV.	My Second Pastorate	59
V.	Mountaineering	78
VI.	The Ascent of the Matterhorn	99
VII.	Successful Assault Upon the Tammany Interest, Conducted Under the Auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Crime in 1892-1894	106

PART II—REFLECTIONS

1.	Am I a Trinitarian?	149
2.	Undervaluation of the Old Testament	153
3.	Fitness for the Ministry	160
4.	The Study of Theology	166
5.	Denominationalism	171
6.	The Church Militant	174
7.	The Doctrine of Immortality	178

CHAPTER		PAGE
8.	Religion	183
9.	Faith	189
10.	The Sheep and the Goats	192
11.	Does the Heavenly World Differ Fundamentally from the Earthly One?	196
12.	Darwinism and the Church	200
13.	Compulsory Morality	206
14.	An Education Is No One's Exclusive Privilege	211
15.	The Fellowship of Nations	215
16.	Mother and Child	220
17.	The Art of Longevity	225
18.	Innovations	228
19.	National Character Is Dependent on Domestic Character	232
20.	The Men Who Labor	236
21.	The Determination of His Life Work	240
22.	Treating Criminals as Moral Invalids	244
23.	A Primary and an Auxiliary Life's Purpose	248
24.	Our International Future	252

PART I

EXPERIENCES

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

To give the public the story of my life is to make myself public property, to do which is not presumptuous, for it is to the public that every man belongs.

Life has its inner and outer side. Neither is complete without the other. One's habit is to uncover thoughts and impulses only after having screened them through the fine meshes of prudence and reserve. Like dealers in household commodities, we place in the show-window only such samples of stock as will invite approving attention. We all like to pass for better and wiser than we are; and when we confess in the assembly of the saints to the Lord our depravity, we do it in pursuance of an accepted ritual and not with the expectation that we shall be taken seriously by our human auditors. The story of a man's life then should be the record not only of what he has been doing and attempting to do, but also of what he has been thinking, feeling and dreaming, and of the way in which he has reacted upon the impact of outward events.

What we call our life is only so much of our history as is bracketed between two momentous events, Birth and Death; sunrise and sunset: one short day between. We are treading here so closely upon the margin of the

unknown that we need to step carefully. Birth and death are common but never commonplace. Though billions have passed through these twin experiences there has been no instance of either that was not shrouded in impenetrable mystery and invested with unspeakable solemnity. It is a fault of our nature that frequent repetition and continued familiarity despoil of its meaning even that which is essentially marvelous. We become able to stand with our back to either the rising or the setting sun, and to walk in the night with no consciousness of the stars. We are common sufferers under the blight of blunted sensibilities.

BIRTH

I was sufficiently advanced to be able to be born on the 17th of April, 1842. My life was the continuance of my father's and mother's life, as was theirs the prolongation of life inherited from an indefinite, not to say infinite, series of foregoing generations, creating for me therefore an origin lying back in remote antiquity.

The genealogical table recorded in St. Luke's Gospel makes "Seth the son of Adam, who was the son of God." Between the last two named in the series—Adam and God—there can be interpolated as many generations as imagination may extemporize or science justify. According to the authority of the latter, the table of descent, if complete, would have to enumerate generations sufficient in number to fill fifty or a hundred thousand years. And if the race to which we belong sprang from a single source then I am lineally descended from the original human, saying nothing of

what the original human may have developed from. All of which, as I look back from April 17th, 1842, affords me material interesting to contemplate; and others, of course, have the same fascinating retrospect offered them.

In all of this I am very serious. There is an eternity behind us as well as one forward of us; and with the one that is behind us we appear to have personal connection. And because the chain of my descent contained just such links as it did, I was able to be born on the 17th of April, 1842.

There is no question or dispute as to the origin of my body. But where did my soul come from? It is my soul that makes 1842 significant either to me or to those interested in me. Soul and body are not identical. There is no fact of which we are more conscious, especially in our vivid moments: closely connected they are, of course; wonderfully interlocked undoubtedly; but no immediacy of interlocking constitutes identity. And what is more, the more advanced the point to which we carry the culture of the soul the more assured we become that body is one thing and soul something distinctly else. This is so essentially a part of my creed that I could not consistently omit its mention.

Also it is only when I am conscious of the separate and substantive character of the soul that I am able to be confident of immortality. People whose experience is housed in their bodies have not such a practical belief in immortality as to make of it a working conviction. Physical sensation and "the power of the endless life" are incompatible. We may entertain the idea, but an

idea that is registered in our creed is not necessarily an element of our conscious and sustaining faith.

But if soul can exist after it leaves the body there is created a presumption that it might have existed before it took the body. Why not? It is certainly worth considering. Going into eternity would be balanced by coming out from eternity. We may have existed in our spiritual connections a great deal longer than it seems we have in our bodily connections. There is no harm in thus knocking at the door of the great undisclosed secrets of life. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." There is no danger that our conceptions will outmeasure realities. We see more when we look up than when we look down. One may be a visionary, but a visionary is nearer the truth than a contented materialist.

We may not confidently base our religious convictions upon the pictorial representations made in the early chapters of Genesis, but it is worth noticing that what is there recognized as the original man is represented as having been composed of two elements, one from the ground, the other from the Creator. If from the Creator it could carry no date. There might also be cited the frequency with which we are in Scripture designated as God's children, and once by St. Paul as God's offspring. But to be a child imports the entrance into it of some element that was a quotation from its father. So that I cannot be properly called one of God's *children* unless, with the human that is in me, there is combined something that came to me from

God; eternal therefore; undated; eternally prior to 1842.

These are some of the thoughts that cluster around my birth. I doubt if they bear the mark of any theological seminary—an institution which, perhaps unfortunately, I never attended. As will appear later on, I have always been more fascinated by the study and by the preaching of individual truths, than by the process of dovetailing them into each other and framing them into a theological system. My preference for the former rather than for the latter may have been indiscreet. If I could have my way—which would very likely not be a good way—I would take what are called "theological seminaries" and rebaptize them as "schools of Christian learning." Perhaps that would do something toward minimizing the necessity for competitive institutions.

MY ANCESTRY

Everything that is essential has already been said except what pertains to my immediate parentage.

My father, Charles F. W. Parkhurst, was a farmer. His property, which consisted of arable land and woodland, lay in Ashland, Mass., and was an inheritance from my grandfather, Ephraim Parkhurst. Something detailed must be said about him as well as about my mother, for their character was so pronounced as almost to predestine the character of the son.

It has often been related of those who afterward became ministers that they were born of poor but pious parents. My father was not poor, but, for a New Eng-

land farmer, was quite comfortably fixed. Nor was he pious; on the contrary his religion was altogether sound and wholesome. He had an academic education, and already at the age of nineteen, and while still carrying on his farm work, commenced teaching winter school, a course which he followed for twenty-one successive years. He was a thorough student of English and never committed any thought to writing without giving to it felicitous expression. This followed naturally because of the wealth of his vocabulary. During a three months' illness he had devoted himself exclusively to Webster's dictionary.

He was thoroughly New England. His spirit was one of uncompromise. What was right was right; what was wrong was wrong. He believed in heaven and believed just as much in hell. His theology was a quotation from the Bible, which he interpreted literally and accepted implicitly: "God began the world Monday and finished it Saturday."

He was head of the household and also its priest. Every morning he read us a chapter from the Bible and followed it with prayer; always asked a blessing at table; every Sunday, whatever the weather, took us all to church, sat at the head of the pew, mother at the foot, with the four children judiciously arranged between.

Such a régime was not felt by us as severe. We knew nothing different and imagined nothing different. It is better to be brought up than to come up. We never questioned but that it was right that we should be under authority; that father's word should be law and that disobedience should be punished. That pol-

icy, continued year after year, wrought in us a robustness of moral fiber that never could be gotten out of our system. His love for us was intense but not demonstrative, and his whole life was offered on the altar of devotion to wife and children.

But while father was Mount Sinai, mother was Calvary, and between the two we secured the entire thing, the Law and the Gospel. He furnished basis for her gentleness and she softened the edges of his asperity.

My mother also was from New England and as feminine as father was masculine. She believed it to be a woman's duty to marry, to have children, and to take care of them herself instead of farming them out to a nurse. She did all her own work, ran a dairy, and when time hung heavily on her hands taught school in the summer. There was nothing apologetic about New England women of that date. Listlessness was a misdemeanor and incompetency a crime.

Mother sharply discriminated between the sexes and scorned effeminate men and mannish women. In her estimate, it belonged to men to take care of outside things and to women to take care of inside ones. For a woman to ride a horse astride she would have regarded as vulgar immodesty. She would nearly as soon have appeared in a state of nature as wear a pair of feminine pantaloons—what the young women of present date euphemistically designate as knickerbockers. To have been caught smoking would have cost her even her devoted husband's contempt. As for "women's rights," she gloried in the rights she had and felt no hankering for those that did not belong to her. If I

had not had such a mother, I should be able to contemplate with more consideration the average women of the period. I do not want to put her upon too high a pedestal. There were times when I did not like her, but they were just the times when I think she did not exactly like me. She labored for my moral betterment with maternal solicitude and with moderate success, but matters never reached such a point that she felt justified in calling me her "angel child." She lived for her children, and very precious and sweet is their memory of her.

Such was the home in which I lived till I was twenty, and any boy must have been dull beyond the reach of illumination and depraved beyond the reach of redemption not to have derived from such influence some germinal impulses of intelligence and some incipient impulses toward nobility of life.

Before taking up matters distinct from the interior quality of my home, I want to call more pointed attention to the relations between my father and mother in the matter of sex, and to the normal distribution between them of domestic functions—normal at any rate according to the standard of Scripture, and normal according to the usages that until comparatively recently have been in vogue in the better class of American families.

Father was the head of the house, the master, the court of last resort. Mother was always coöperant with him in her own sphere, where full authority was allowed her, and the spheres of operation were apportioned on the basis of sex. The line between masculine

and feminine was recognized and definitely drawn; and from neither side was there any disposition to overstep that line.

This leads naturally to the statement that society is threatened by the diminished attention shown to sex distinction. In any man who is normal his masculine quality extends through his entire system. In any woman who is normal her feminine quality extends through her entire system. Her womanhood does not consist simply in being constituted for the production and rearing of children, but she is woman in all the component elements of her being; in the delicacy of her physical constitution, in the character of her thought, in the quality of her emotions, in the scope of her purposes and ambitions. If she is thoroughly woman she is woman in all that she is and does.

Members of the two sexes respectively being distinct by nature, normal development will operate to increase that distinction, so that instead of tending to make them more and more alike it will make them increasingly different, less and less fitted for the same kind of experience, the same order of conduct, the same sphere of action. A mannish woman is neither man nor woman, but a freak. Instead of adding to her charm she blemishes it. Instead of broadening her influence she contracts it.

The region of my birth was pure nature and devoted only to agriculture. My earlier life was that of the ordinary farmer's boy. A single family living half a mile distant made for us our only society. One of its boys was my chum. We quarrelled frequently but

without weakening the bonds of friendship. If we came to blows it was only because we were a pair of young animals and adopted that means of becoming better acquainted.

The three older of us children obtained most of our fun from sports of our own. "Three old cat" was our favorite amusement. No baseball nine ever derived more enjoyment from their game than we did from ours. In winter we "slid downhill." It was not much of a hill nor much of a slide, but fulfilled our desires as perfectly as do winter sports content pleasure-seekers in Lake Placid, Montreal or St. Moritz.

In passing I want to say that in the corner of the lot where we did our coasting was a garden, at the edge of which was a big tree, behind which, in the immaturity of my theological conceptions, I located Adam and Eve when attempting to conceal themselves from the Lord. I did as an individual child what the childhood of the race did when it undertook to pictorialize man's apostasy. In both cases the representation was dignified but more or less infantile.

On the Fourth of July I celebrated the anniversary of American Independence by burning one bunch of fire-crackers and all my fingers. It was a pyrotechnical display in miniature but fully satisfied my patriotic ambition and contributed in its measure to the glory of George Washington and the other revolutionary fathers.

MY EARLY EDUCATION

The circumstances of my upbringing were favorable. To my years on the farm I am deeply indebted. The

country itself was an education both for the body and the soul. It is one thing to stand in constant relation with things that date from ages past, and something quite different to be in continuous contact with only that which was manufactured yesterday or the day before. The atmosphere that the city boy breathes is unfiltered; his sunshine is spotted and blurred; his starlight is dulled by dust and smoke which enter his eyes, his brain, and his thinking. Even the rain, which becomes a thing of soft and liquid beauty when viewed over an expanse of pasture and woodland, becomes something repulsive when it comes slopping down over the roof of our neighbor's house across the street.

As for myself, I saw the river, the woods and the clouds just as God made them. Human interference with nature spoils it, considered as a revelation from God, just as human commentaries vitiate the Bible. After one has become adult it is possible to be subjected to the artificialities of the city without serious detriment, but they make poor soil for the nurture of the *young* roots of human life. It is for that reason that the city would perish of anemia if it had not the rural population to draw upon.

People themselves grow to be artificial by prolonged companionship with what is not natural. They acquire a quality of demeanor that camouflages their original self. I would rather have a boy uncouth than to have him affected. I am grateful that I began life where I could be myself without incurring censure, and that I lived there long enough to have unaffectedness become a fixed element of my constitution.

It was also to my advantage that my early years were punctuated by no thrills. One day was the same as the day before, and one year for the most part the repetition of the year previous. It was monotonous, but I never realized it as monotony. I was healthy, and it was a pleasure simply to live. He is an unfortunate boy with whom early years are other than a season of vegetating.

There were no excitements, therefore I did not learn to crave excitement. Existence was itself a novelty, for, so far as I knew, I had never existed before. I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow and awoke with a laugh. It was glorious because it was natural. It was very animal, but it fitted my quality, for I was myself very animal. The evenness of the flow made it the normal introduction to life. The most wholesome appetite is that which finds satisfaction in unseasoned food. The grown tree may need the wind and the storm for its perfection, but while it is a little thing it is the study of its protector to maintain it in unmolested quietude. One thrill every twenty-four hours is the least that will satisfy the contemporary child, a policy of treatment which is fitted to mar the even tenor of life and which will bear fruit in querulousness and discontent.

Such education as I acquired in my first years was more a matter of absorption than of infusion. I was dealt with by my father and mother upon the principle that it is as natural to the normal mind to want to know as for the stomach to want to be fed. I do not remember that as a boy the learning of any lesson was imposed

upon me. The aptitude for knowledge, natural to the mind, was relied upon as sufficient impulse.

I was not sent to public school till I was twelve, and was thus saved the fundamental disadvantage of having cultivated in me a distaste for knowledge. I think that if I had been, from the time I was six years old, subjected to the educational system in vogue, where the pupil is adapted to the curriculum instead of the curriculum to the pupil, I should have graduated into some form of industry upon completing the sixth grade.

My parents, both of whom were possessed of trained intelligence, not only realized that no one could understand the nature of their own child as well as they could themselves, but took the ground that the initial steps of a child's education were so determinative of future mental tendency and ultimate results, that those steps should be taken on home ground and directed by the parents themselves. For, as has been already indicated, they were very clear and decided in their judgment that parents existed not only for the purpose of bringing children into the world but also for the supplementary purpose of taking care of them after their arrival. Home, therefore, was my first school-room, and my brothers and sister my schoolmates.

The atmosphere which I respired at home was one of thoughtfulness. How large a factor that was in my upbringing I could not realize till later. Undertaking to breathe in an intellectual vacuum is as devastating to the mind as respiring an impoverished atmosphere is deadening to the body; and there are indications that in the home life of a considerable proportion of our young

people at present, vacuity is what they are nourished upon.

Our evenings, especially our winter evenings, we spent together as a family. That was our club. There were no theaters within fifty miles and no moving pictures anywhere. Father and mother both were too fine to indulge in small talk, or to gossip about our neighbors, all of whom were distinguished by New England respectability. There was thus created in our minds a taste for what was real as opposed to what was fictitious and silly, and an impulse begotten in us to exercise our thoughts along elevated lines.

Father's mind had a decidedly philosophical and theological bent, but he was so clear and direct in his thinking and speaking that we were quite early able to "catch on" to his ideas and to think small theologies of our own. Whether the youthful "fundamentalism" that we acquired from him made us better children or not I do not know, but it gave a start to our intellectual machinery, and with such influence exerted upon us we could not pass from the age of eight or ten to that of sixteen without having our mental faculties wrought into a condition of pronounced activity.

All of this laid a firm foundation for later and more methodical training. It introduced me to my own intelligence, which is something with which the average child never becomes thoroughly acquainted which is due to no fault of his own. Of course any boy or girl can pick up ideas; can repeat what others have said; can memorize Sir Isaac Newton, or even Aristotle. So can a phonograph; but actually to think, to put the mind

on a track of original thought is distinct from memorizing. Learning one's lesson may mean something or it may mean nothing. An idea may be in my mind without being my idea, just as a dollar may be in my pocket without being my dollar.

So then I began my education at the hearthstone. My mind may not have been very much of a mind but it early began in a small and pretty distinct way to go alone. Nor must I omit to mention that we children were regularly taken to church. We were expected to listen to the preacher and to be prepared to talk in a sensible way about what he said. I have at this moment a vivid impression of the effect produced upon me by a sermon I listened to when I was about ten years old upon the text "The hairs of your head are all numbered." A great deal of early New England intellectual sturdiness was the product of New England preaching. We had a two hours' service in the morning; a Sunday school session, and then an afternoon preaching service. The child of today is physically unequal to so great a strain and mentally incapable of being intellectually benefited by it.

But the fact is that intellectual stamina requires to be earned and childhood is the ordained time to begin to earn it, and the hearthstone and the sanctuary are the places where the earning process is appointed of God to begin. All of which means that I was "brought up" and did not "come up." It is no credit to me. The praise is all due to God and to my father and mother.

If before I was born I had had an opportunity to state my preference as to birthplace and parentage, I

should—had I my present understanding of conditions—have asked to be born somewhere in the Eastern States and in a farmer's family. Under such conditions there is very little opportunity for any kind of foolishness and no likelihood of disqualifying and debilitating luxury. It is not an elegant life, but a rigid one that calls for hard work and straight thinking. Superficiality is inflexibly ruled out. It is prosaic rather than poetic. It gives thorough schooling in reality. It steadily accustoms the mind to the discipline of hard facts. I have for five years preached to that kind of congregation and I know its quality. Farmers do not think fast but they think straight. They are rather apt to be orthodox, for they have a distaste for camouflage. Their constant contact is with nature's forces, which can be neither resisted nor bribed. It might be to public advantage if more of the responsibility borne by Congress could be carried by members of their class even at the expense of retaining at home a corresponding number of capitalists and members of the legal profession. A straight thought, like a straight line, measures the shortest distance between any two points.

I have remarked that all the study that I did at home was done voluntarily. I can go further and say that it was done not as work but as play. The intellectual and the emotional coöperate. There is involved in this a psychological principle which few parents and hardly any school teachers appreciate as my parents appreciated it. Feeling is thought's lubricator. The mechanic oils the drill with which he bores into metal. A lesson

which, reluctantly learned, will give a boy a headache, learned enjoyably will be as much a diversion as a game of marbles. Hearts are given us not for ornament but for service. A few days ago I met on the street a bright-looking lad with a big pack of books under his arm, evidently on his way from school. I stopped him and said, "Do you go to school?" "Yes, sir," was his polite reply. "Do you like going to school?" said I. "No, sir, I hate it," he answered. There was a boy who, as was evident from his countenance, was very liberally possessed of intellectual possibilities, but who was having those possibilities systematically wrecked at public expense.

In my home, study was so conducted as to be one of my amusements. My mother, while looking after the household and running a dairy, arranged for me a set of cards for the acquirement of the multiplication table; and to run through those cards from 2 x 2 to 12 x 12, forward and backward, was one of my games. That is simply a sample of the way in which I got started in my education. Reading and spelling were dealt with in a way that was similarly entertaining. My father gave me an equal treat in teaching me English grammar. We spent together an hour a day for two months "parsing" passages in Pollock's "Course of Time." That was all the English grammar I ever studied. Those two months are today, after seventy years, a delightful memory. There is a pleasant way of doing things and an exasperating way of not doing them. Committing to memory lessons in grammatical analysis is an example of the latter. Hearing good English

spoken and seeing good English written and printed is an example of the former, and to give pupils a liberal opportunity to hear and see is one of the teacher's responsibilities.

OUTLOOK ON THE FUTURE

Having been born a farmer's son, I should naturally have followed the same employment. But, however appealing the pursuit of agriculture may be under certain conditions there is nothing stimulating in cultivating such ground as composes most of the farming area of New England, where in order to drop a kernel of corn one must first unearth a stone or blast out a rock to make a place for it. Brought up in the atmosphere that I was, it would have been against nature that I should turn to the soil as a sphere of life-interest, however appreciative of the obligation pressing upon our country to see that its agricultural interests are well served. For agriculture is the physical basis of all civilization. It stands to civilization as the body stands to the soul. The body is not the most aristocratic element of our human composition and we cannot forget that agriculture derives its dividends from dirt. At the same time working the soil is the great original art. Human progress is conditional upon the faithful cultivation of that art, and it devolves upon government to give considerate attention and encouragement to the farming interest; to treat that interest with the respect due to the critical relation it sustains to the national weal; to do all that can constitutionally and discreetly be done to attract young men from the city

and back to the soil; to place upon uncultivated portions of our country newly arrived immigrants coming from agricultural districts abroad; and furthermore to foster in remoter parts of our country the maintenance of those educational opportunities, which shall afford to the children, growing up there, means of culture as nearly as possible on a grade with those supplied in the cities and large towns.

When I was about twelve years the question of my being a farmer was abruptly settled by my father's disposing of his property, moving his family elsewhere and taking a position more compatible with his temperament and tastes. The next four years I was allowed to go to school one term out of every three, which was sufficient to keep me abreast of my classmates, not because I was any brighter than they, but because from having attended school ever since they were infants their powers of acquisition had become enfeebled and their appetite for knowledge surfeited.

One of my teachers was a Mrs. Carpenter. She was certainly an artist in her line. She demonstrated with a woman, whom God constructed with a view to making a teacher of her, can do in the way of developing latent possibilities, possibiiities even of the dullest. She could make the blind see and the dumb speak. Those who instruct in grammar schools and high schools sometimes complain that such instruction is not recognized as a profession, like law, medicine and theology. The dignity will doubtless be accorded as fast as it is deserved. There is one particularly pleasant act of Mrs. Carpenter's that I have remembered of her all

these years, which shows the delicacy of her tact and her ability to hurt without bruising. I had a composition to write. Upon showing it to her she said,—"That is a very well written composition, Charlie, only I would begin each line with a small letter instead of with a capital." It stung me, but I pulled out the sting before it had time to produce inflammation: but I have never written a line of blank verse or of poetry since. That was about the year 1856.

When I was nearly sixteen my father put me into a grocery store to sell sugar, molasses and codfish, an experience that was distasteful but to which I reconciled myself by the consideration that it was a part of my education, that there is nothing which a man can know that will not sometime stand him in good stead; and by the fact that Henry Clay, when a boy, was put upon the same job by his stepfather.

The author of "The Americanization of Edward Bok" emphasizes the fact, and was himself an illustration of the fact,—that any respectable work to which a man faithfully applies himself puts him in the line of promotion: and I had not been selling groceries more than two months before I was given a place in a dry goods store. Selling groceries to men was not as trying to the disposition as selling dry goods to women, not half of whom knew what they wanted even when I pointed it out to them. Shopping betrays certain tendencies of the female mind not likely to be displayed otherwise, and the patience of the man behind the counter will be developed if his inward equipment is adequate to the situation. The principal gain resulting

from the two years that I spent as salesman was a small addition to the family exchequer and time for the deliberate shaping of plans for the future, for I would no more be a merchant than I would be a farmer.

Important decisions cannot be made. They are a growth and require to ripen; and that means time. In critical matters impulsive conclusions are usually fatal and have to be repented of. To a young man questioning what shall be his future and what shall he make of himself, I always say,—bring together all the elements that can have any bearing upon the question and leave them to fight it out among themselves. If muddied water be allowed to stand awhile the impure ingredients will settle to the bottom and leave clear water. Having followed that prescription in my own case I felt free to recommend it to others. If one has a serious desire to become what he was intended to become, he may expect to arrive at his destination, if he will follow the drift of events and not interfere too much with the way that drift is conveying him. This is sound doctrine whether it be designated as fatalism or Divine Sovereignty.

A long time ago, so long that I cannot tell when it was, there fell into my hands a little book entitled "Trench on the Study of Words." It was not much of a book and made no pretensions to being scientific, but it made clear to me what Emerson meant when, in one of his essays, he said that "language is fossil poetry." At that impulse I had taken up Latin in the high school and resumed my study of it after I had been a month or two in the dry goods store. But my employer was

so jealous of any interest I showed in what was not immediately connected with dry goods that I had to proceed clandestinely and give my Latin a chance either while he was absent at dinner or before he arrived in the morning, while I was opening the store, attending to the fires and sweeping out. By watching one's chance one can sometimes carry along what he wants to do at the same time that he is faithfully carrying along what he has to do.

There was a little niche in the wall where I sequestered my "Andrew's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar," a textbook now quite out of use, upon which Herbert Spencer discharged the vials of his wrath, as my employer would have done had he realized the situation. Nevertheless, by watching my chance I learned that book from cover to cover, declensions and conjugations, verbs regular and irregular, rules and exceptions, syntax, prosody, everything, and if the plates from which the book was printed should have been destroyed I could nearly have reproduced it. That was a rather definite step taken in the direction of my unsuspected destiny, a movement forward of the drift that was carrying me to the desire and then to the purpose of taking a college course.

I was not settling any remote questions but simply keeping in the middle of the river and letting the river convoy me. What a college education would lead on to, my parents did not know. I did not know. What might be beyond college graduation was not my problem. I simply concentrated on a good college fit. It was to my advantage that my plans extended no farther. Too

much plan may embarrass a man's future Some one speaking in Mr. Beecher's presence said that "A young fellow who has reached the age of seventeen without knowing what he is going to make of his life is a ruined man already." To which Mr. Beecher retorted,—"A man who is not more than seventeen but who has decided what his life's work is to be, is a ruined man already."

The majority of failures are due to lack of deliberate preparation. There is only one time during the erection of a building when the foundation can be laid, and that is before the superstructure has been put on. According to ordinary calculation our Lord lived thirty-three years and all the work that he did was accomplished in the last three, with ten times that number spent in preparation; and of what was achieved in the last three no one criticises either the quantity or the quality. The grammar school teacher to whom I have already referred, told me that if she had a problem to solve and her life depended upon its solution within five minutes, she would devote half of the allowed time to deciding upon the most speedy method of procedure. It cannot be forgotten that there are conditions under which prolonged preparation for life's work may be impossible. Financial limitations may be prohibitive; but, with no similar obstacle to be confronted, the man who hurries to occupy his chosen sphere of activity, when by reasonable delay he might enter it substantially qualified, does himself irreparable injustice and prepares the way for unnecessary failure or at least for no more than an apologetic success.

PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE

My preparation for college was undertaken by a little man who conducted an institute in a town so near my home as to be easily accessible. Because of being an Amherst graduate he was regarded with favor by my father, who was a firm believer in Amherst.

I call him a little man because diminutiveness was his general characteristic both outwardly and inwardly. Learning was not becoming to him. He was one of that considerable class that are cheapened by cultivation. He knew a great deal and could tell me a great many things that I did not know, but so can a cyclopedia. There was about him a touch of effeminacy which he camouflaged by an assumption of dignity that was not natural to him. He was a pedagogue rather than an instructor. He did not teach me, he simply heard me recite my lessons; and as I generally knew them, and as after I had told him what I knew he added nothing of what he knew, I went home as wise as I came; all of which was at the expense of three hours of time, six miles of travel (on foot) and tuition fee.

His sense of responsibility extended no further than to delivering me up at the end of two years in a condition to pass the college examination; to the storing away in me of a quantum sufficit of mathematical and linguistic information. As to the influence to be exerted upon life by what I acquired from him he had nothing to say. Life meant no more to me after I had been with him two years than it meant before. I was no more of a man when I left him than when I came

to him. His institute had no effect in loading the future with a richer significance. He fostered in me no ambition to live, grow up and make my mark in the world. It was with him a matter only of more or less Greek, Latin and Mathematics.

Having myself taught in a "fitting" school, I understand now the narrow groove in which the teacher in such an institution is liable to confine himself. He is hired and paid for getting his boys past the board of college examiners. Even that is considerable of an undertaking, and leaves him with only a limited amount of surplus energy to be expended otherwise. The situation in a fitting school does not differ materially from what one encounters in any system of graded common schools, where the teacher,—under the conditions which at present exist,—is almost compelled to feel her entire obligation fulfilled by being able to advance the members of her class into the next grade at the end of the year. Considered as a scheme for developing manhood and womanhood such an educational system is a great way removed from the ideal, for while it may discipline intellectually it affords little impulse to character.

My stay at the institute terminated in 1862. The Civil War was then in progress, but exemption from military service on account of nearsightedness, left me free to enter upon my college course and I repaired to Amherst for my entrance examination.

CHAPTER II

AMHERST COLLEGE

AMHERST was representative of the old New England traditions; in that respect like Williams and Dartmouth. It was satisfied to be simply a college quite untouched by university aspirations. It tried only to fit a man for life with no subsidiary ambitions to fit him for any special aspect of life. Naturally therefore it presented to the student a fixed curriculum unseasoned by optionals, it being considered that mature instructors were better qualified than raw boys to determine what course of instruction was best qualified to develop solid and symmetrical culture.

It was at that time a working institution. No student was afraid of being known as a "dig." To stand low in one's class was felt as a disgrace. Reputation was also on the side of manly and gentlemanly behavior. We were not all saints, but disreputable conduct was not sufficiently frequent to vary the monotony.

The only spots that the faculty regarded with suspicion and disfavor were "Polly's" and Northampton. Smith College at Northampton had not then been founded. Its life commenced about the time I graduated, which was in '66. It is now a sort of annex to the college at Amherst, with which it is connected by trolley and steam-car facilities. Mount Holyoke Fe-

male Seminary, which has since become a college and was then known as the Ministers Rib-factory, was not particularly seductive to the students; although they all knew that the route to that resort led through the "Notch," which was occasionally traversed by a freshman who felt the loneliness of being separated from home and consoled himself by spending Saturday afternoon with his sister.

Amherst at that time had no athletics; at least none to speak of. We had a gymnasium in which we were required to spend half an hour five days in the week under the training of the professor of physical culture. It was considered that a college like Amherst existed for the purpose of developing mentality, and that physical discipline was an intrusion except so far as it contributed to that development. We were therefore spared that invasion upon the scholarly repose of college life incident to intercollegiate games which necessarily reduce the community to a condition of impassioned upset.

If we had less athletics than is the present vogue we had more religion than is now cultivated in some of our colleges both male and female. Until comparatively recently the President of Amherst has, without exception I believe, been a clergyman. That in itself may not signify very much, and yet it is a kind of confession of faith. It stamps the college as an institution existing and maintained under Christian auspices. It is a way that it has of showing its colors. It is a confession of loyalty to the past and to the religious spirit at whose impulses the college was originally founded. Amherst

College, for example, was established with a special view to educating young men for the ministry. It involved the recognition of the fact that the perfection of manhood is not a matter of intellectuality alone but a happy combination of intellectual, moral and religious ingredients. The more complete a man's unaccompanied intellectual development, the greater his capacity for mischief as well as for benefit. Hallowed intelligence is what Amherst during the long past of its history has been laboring for.

The religious influence exerted upon students has this also to be said to its credit, that it tends to counteract the withering, desiccating effect of prolonged intellectual effort. This was subsequently brought home to me in a very practical way as will be noted further on. The ordinary college curriculum neglects the emotional nature. To learn lessons and to recite them three times a day for four years is very unlikely to have as its effect the quickening of emotive impulses. Scripture says that it is out of the heart that are the issues of life. The phrase is not only good Scripture; it is also good psychology. The culture of the mind will make us masters of truth and furnish us with the means of intellectual achievement, but is powerless to foster the impulses constraining to the practical and efficient use of those means. Knowledge is power; knowledge is fuel; but waits for its enkindling before it becomes productive enginery. An educated man may be a very dead man so far as concerns substantial effects, while small learning suffused with passion may go a very long way.

It is not easy to see how a college course can supply this element of efficiency, but it is perfectly easy to see that it is an element that has entered into the accomplishment of all the best work that has ever lain along any exalted line of achievement. For we know that all the best thoughts in the world, into however frosty a form they may since have become chilled, were moulded from metal that was once molten. Geology claims that the world began hot. So every thought that has had a history began as a passion. What is true of thought is equally true of art. Art is enthusiasm taken shape. The grand cathedrals are old pulse-beats. The master-paintings,—and they are all religious,—are holy, medieval passion thrown upon canvas. The same principle holds when we skip from art to ethics. Morality to be safe must be impassioned. No man can be confidently counted upon to do right till he does it at the impulse of a warm motive working from within. The principle holds also in original theology. We cannot read one of St. Paul's Epistles without realizing that it was struck out at a white heat. His sentences are passionate. His grammar in some cases breaks down under the weight of what he tried to load upon it. The links in the chain of his argument are melted asunder by the fervor of the temperature under which he undertakes to weld them. That is the way that theology was made 1800 years ago. Only it was not thought of as theology. We never begin to call religious truth theology till the warm blood that was in it has commenced to cool and to coagulate, just as we never think of anatomy till it is a dead body we are handling. The-

ology is a precipitate from an old, intense religious experience. All the theology that is in the Church today is in the Epistles, but it is not there as theology. So all the bone-dust that is in the graveyards today was once in society but it was not there as bone-dust.

Mechanics is not art. Patching is not creating. Doctoring is not regenerating. Intellect is not vision. Calculation is not inspiration. History is not administered by experts. It is heart that composes the basis of civilization and of Christianity. "God so loved the world." The moving energy in the world's history is not a philosophy but a Cross. And the consummating act by which Christ fitted the Church for its work was not the founding of a university but the baptism of the church with *the spirit and with fire.*

While collegiate training is being strenuously pushed along intellectual lines, there are indications that, in some of our colleges, the moral and religious features are having laid upon them a diminished emphasis. As those who are chieftains of events and the shapers of our history, are largely college graduates, and as our civilization, in order to permanence, depends upon the prevalence of a high standard of character, there is evident need of the maintenance in our colleges of a quality which is not guaranteed by pure intellectualism. To discipline a student in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Psychology, etc., will furnish him with mental caliber, but caliber is an efficiency that can be used either constructively or destructively. It may enable a man to become an effective patriot or an effective traitor. It may be an instrument in the hands of an Alexander

Hamilton or a weapon in the hands of a Trotsky or a Lenin. Fire may serve a beneficent purpose by warming the hearthstone, or the same fire may burn down the house. It is a great mistake to suppose that our system of American schools and colleges ensures the perpetuity of our institutions. When therefore there are afforded some indications that our advanced institutions of learning are crowding brain culture to the disadvantage of the schooling of the soul and the conscience, there is some occasion for solicitude.

It was during my college course that the student body had an outbreak of cerebro-spinal meningitis. It attacked only a limited number at the outset, but after the attendant physician had recommended the liberal use of whiskey as an antidotal expedient, it spread rapidly through the entire college till the number infected included so large a proportion of the students that the faculty decided to omit the usual term examinations. As soon after this decision was reached as seemed expedient, the tide of invalidism commenced to ebb, and by the end of the term we were all so thoroughly recovered as to be able to go home for our vacation without any likelihood of relapse.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred during my four years at Amherst. Of whatever irregularities I may have been guilty I was only once called before the President who,—the gentleman that he was,—at once excused me after I had told him how deeply impressed I had been by some pertinent remarks he had recently made before the student body in chapel. I learned all my lessons, for I was what is technically known as a

"dig," and stood well in my class at the end of the course. I had absented myself from college two half-terms in order to teach some little fledglings their letters in primary school, some of whom were marvellously alert in the absorption of knowledge and a larger number showing an equal genius for the resistance of knowledge.

I graduated at the age of twenty-four. That was later than the average age of graduation; but none too late,—better late than earlier for there are certain branches of study which are certain to be taken up near the close of the course, which are of such character as to fail of being appreciated by any student who has not attained to a considerable degree of mental maturity.

The fact that I had not even a rudimentary plan of life-work did not distress me, for there seemed a probability of my living a goodly number of years, and half a dozen more or less of watchful waiting would make no great difference in the end, provided I was usefully occupied in the meantime. In senior year I had offered me a productive scholarship provided I would enroll myself as candidate for the ministry. I should have prized the scholarship but not on the appended condition, for while I might be drifting toward the ministry I had not drifted to it.

That word "drift" stands for a doctrine which fills a large place in my system of philosophy and theology. It means to me that if we keep in the middle of the current and are not the slaves of our own willfulness and perversity, we shall proceed with a wisdom which

is not of our own wisdom or consciousness and be borne along uncalculatingly in the direction of our destiny. It is a Christian doctrine and an exceedingly comfortable one, and means the possibility of working more wisely than we know.

What I have called drift is identical with what in the operations of nature we call instinct. For example, certain birds when the migratory season arrives, fly South. There is a reason for their flying but it is not *their* reason. They act with an intelligence which is not their own intelligence. So the honey-bee in the cunning shaping of its cell. To call it instinct explains nothing. The word simply states that the bee, which is not a geometrician, behaves just as it would, were it a geometrician.

We can extend the application of this principle by saying that if there is such a thing as the science of history and if history can be said to develop at all along rational lines, it is because the makers of history while incapable of appreciating their individual relations to the final outcome of events, shape their conduct with a foresight of which they are personally insensible.

Cherishing such a view of the world of natural and human event it cannot be thought strange that I went on living with no disturbing anxiety as to what I was for, if for anything, how long it would be before I should discover, or the steps still to be taken that would conduct to that discovery.

MY EXPERIENCE AS SCHOOL TEACHER

Shortly after graduation I took charge of the Amherst High School. As the position was thrown in my way, and nothing else offered, I reasoned that it was the proper thing to accept it. Preferment comes to those who are already occupied, not to such as decline what is given them because it does not accord with their taste and ambition. I took the place expecting it to be a means of educating myself while purposing to do what I could in the way of educating the members of my charge.

What makes any position of instruction in the public schools irksome is that the teacher is obliged to work under rigidly prescribed methods. Originality is forbidden. The teacher is told not only what he must teach but how he must teach it and how much and exactly what kind of results he must secure. Young minds, even of the same age, differ from each other in development and in facility of development, but require to be dealt with as though they had all been cast in the same mould.

I had a class in Latin and ventured to instruct it in a way that was somewhat my own. One day while I had the class on the floor the school was visited by a commissioner of education, who called on a spying excursion. He disapproved of my method. Knowing that there was no likelihood of his repeating his visit I continued the error of my ways, for the class fell in heartily with the way I took to interest them and I was able by means of it to smuggle into their minds a

little classic information that they would have resented if presented in the traditional method. If any one has a device for making Latin interesting to beginners he ought to be encouraged to employ it.

The second year was the first year over again, the only change being the substitution of a new class. It is that element of routine that makes teaching in public schools monotonous. It is like walking in a treadmill, always going but never arriving. It produces in time what we know as the pedagogical manner and the pedagogical face. It is a continual draft on life's juices with no device discovered for keeping the soul fresh and the mind renewed by a running system of replenishment.

The class in Latin just mentioned contained one phenomenon, as shown by his genius for resisting knowledge. He was not an idiot. He could not even be called feeble-minded, as was proved by later developments. He was like a sound harpstring that some kind of adhesion prevented from vibrating. He came of good stock. His father was president of a New England college.

At the close of the term there would be a public examination at which this candidate for scholastic honors would be required to exhibit his familiarity with classic literature, and in the presence probably of his distinguished father; for a teacher has to deal not only with his pupils but with their parents and with the Secretary of the State Board of Education. As soon as I discovered the lad's condition of mind I put him upon one of Æsop's Fables, and held him to that

fable every recitation till examination day, on which occasion he did himself proud. He translated it as freely as though he were reading his native English, and the answers to my questions upon the text rolled from his lips with spontaneous volubility. A parrot could not have done better. I did the boy no injustice. I saved him from unnecessary embarrassment, and familiarized him with one fable that I am sure he will not forget to his dying day.

There are too many instances of men and women, distinguished for exceptional ability in after life, who were equally leisurely in their early development, for it to be prudent, under any circumstances, to estimate a child as feeble-minded.

Charles Darwin says of himself in his autobiography:—"When I left school I believe that I was considered by all my mates and by my father, as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect."

William H. Seward's teacher once reported to his father that he was "too stupid to learn."

In the published life of Sir Isaac Newton he says that "at the age of twelve he stood very low in the schools. So little ability did he show at the age of fifteen he was taken out of school and set to work on the farm."

It is related of Samuel Johnson that it was only by means of hard whipping that anything could be gotten out of him.

In Bruhns' "Life of Alexander von Humboldt," that brilliant scientist is quoted as saying that in the first

years of his childhood his tutors were doubtful whether even ordinary powers of intelligence would ever be developed in him.

Two years in the Amherst High School were followed, after an interval spent in European study and travel, by three years of instruction in Greek and Latin in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass. This was more congenial than high school work for I had to do only with boys that were fitting for college, and most of them were there for a definite purpose. There were of course some cases of delayed development. Those are to be found everywhere, but I had rather be slow in developing than to be a prodigy. More can be expected of one in the long run.

Opportunity was afforded me of carrying forward my own studies and I availed of it to prepare a little treatise on the Latin verb and its conjugation as illustrated by the forms of the Sanscrit. This I did at the impulse of a slowly maturing notion that my life was going to occupy itself with the science of comparative philology, the initial impulse to which was given me by that Trench's little book on "The Study of Words" already referred to. In preparing this treatise I was aided by suggestions and criticisms received from Professor Greenough of Harvard University. I never learned that my effort created any flutter in the world of linguistic scholarship, and it is many years since I received any remittance from the publishers.

The time spent was not lost upon myself, however. I was taught to realize that a word is a live thing and must not be touched with irreverent hands; that in its

very form it carries in itself a history; that it may include a concealed poem, or sermon or philosophy; that to rob a word of a letter because it has become a silent letter may be a piece of linguistic atrocity; that English is an admirable language, but not nearly so admirable as some other languages have been; that by the loss of inflectional changes it has sacrificed its ability to express the finest shades of thought (for example its loss of the subjunctive mood); that it is not to be expected that English will become a universal language, except perhaps for commercial purposes, and that its universality would be a misfortune. A calculation in dollars and cents of the value of the time spent in learning to spell English words does not impress me seriously. Far back in history when language consisted mostly in signs the ability to communicate was attended by no expense at all. That there is deeply implanted a popular sense antagonistic to the vivisection of words is evidenced by the fact that with all the literature that has been devoted to the simplification of spelling and with all the resolutions that learned societies have adopted to the same end, we continue to spell as we have been in the habit of spelling with the occasional dropping of an inoffensive "e" or an historically unimportant "gh."

Reverting to Williston Seminary the Principal did not believe in boys, although it was a boys' school,—but regarded them as a necessary evil, fitted to be the objects of suspicion and penal infliction. The class of students that patronized the institution at that time contained a liberal sprinkling of the lawless sort, so that school government became a frequent subject of dis-

cussion and dispute between the principal and his teachers. If he was ever a real boy himself it was so long ago that he had forgotten what boyhood means, which was not the case with us, the younger members of the teaching staff. When he scored the boys in Chapel, as he frequently did after completing morning devotions, we of course were obliged to look as though we regarded their exuberant conduct as the very acme of depravity, and sat in solemn state with our features knotted into an expression of surprised distress. He could not appreciate boy-nature nor reflect that it is only the young colt with ginger enough in him to break through a five-barred fence or clear the top, that gives presumptive evidence of being enough of a colt to be worth breeding.

The boys of marked ability were usually the most irrepressible. There was young Dawes of Pittsfield, Mass., son of the late Senator Dawes, who was so bright that it made him uncomfortable, resulting in efforts at self-relief perplexing to the ingenuity of his special teacher, who happened to be myself. Then there was Crane of Dalton, Mass., a name that subsequently became familiar throughout Massachusetts and beyond. He was not bad, but his divergencies from normal decorum were so unique as to afford the younger teachers suppressed delight, while they cost the principal painful solicitude.

Young depravity differs in its very genius from adult depravity. A boy's misbehavior cannot be judged by the same standard as his father's. Morality is something that has to be learned: just as much so as intelli-

gence has to be learned. We are not born either moral or immoral but unmoral. It is apparently mroe difficult to arrive at the possession of a clear moral sense than to achieve a distinct intellectual sense. The younger teachers at Easthampton understood this better than the aged principal. Therefore the most disturbing irregularities practiced by the boys were regarded by us as something to be curbed rather than as occasion for chastisement. From which it follows that a punished child regards the infliction as retributive malice rather than as retributive justice; administered for the satisfaction of the parent rather than for the good of the child. I was once a child and speak from the child's standpoint.

It is doubtless due in part to some recognition of this fact that the coarser forms of discipline are more hesitatingly resorted to than formerly, and that there is more effort to reach the child through the heart than through that part of the body which a school-teacher once told me was constructed with a particular view to punitive manipulation. Principals of the old time English schools were past masters in the art of flagellation and it is reported that seven boys studying at Eton were sent one day by a submaster to the house of the principal, who upon receiving them immediately removed his coat and seizing a lash which hung conveniently near, commenced laying it over the back of one of the seven supposed culprits. He had already exercised himself upon five of them when the sixth, lifting a trembling voice said, "But please, sir, we were sent

over here with a view to entering the confirmation class."

Nothing else of my Williston Seminary experience do I care to record except to say that on the 23rd of November, 1870, I married Miss Nellie Bodman, daughter of Luther Bodman of Northampton, Mass. She had been a pupil of mine in the Amherst High School. No language that might not seem to strangers extravagant, would serve to express my appreciation of Mrs. Parkhurst's faithful and unremitting coöperation. Both at Lenox where her zealous devotion to the interests of our little church,—which cost her an illness from which she was three years in effecting a complete recovery,—and later in New York where she gave herself to the Madison Square Church people, with as much unreserve as though she had been herself called to the pastorate, her coöperation possessed a value that cannot be adequately expressed.

Shortly after coming to the city, and as soon as her health permitted, she gradually introduced herself to the women's work of the church, and in a little time, by a cautious and affectionate assertion of herself, found herself, to her surprise, exerting a leading influence in that department of church activities. She led and the others followed and were glad to follow, and incontestable evidence of their loyalty to her has continued to be shown, as well since our retirement from the church as before.

She also entered with similar consecration into the support of the Gospel work organized by Dr. McAll of Paris, and became president of the National McAll

Association, a position which she continued to hold till her recently impaired health necessitated her resignation. She put so much of herself into that service, that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that some of the life with which that association still survives is momentum wrought by the vitality that she originally communicated to it. On the 23rd of November, 1920, we celebrated our Golden Wedding and the cordiality of the occasion indicated that the love that had in previous years been manifested toward us by our old friends of the Madison Square Church was more than an ephemeral affection.

On the 28th of the following May, after many months of weary suffering, she passed to her eternal rest.

CHAPTER III

MY FIRST PASTORATE

After three years spent at Williston Seminary, and following a vacation spent in Germany for purposes of study and travel, I had reached the year 1874, at which time I was thirty-two years old, with nothing settled as to a profession. I had no sense of age and never have had, but 32 is only one year short of what is reckoned as a generation, and it occurred to me that if Providence had neglected me, I ought to do something on my own account, and that whatever move I should volunteer to make might be what Providence was waiting for and the method through which with infinite wisdom it was purposing to operate. Free agency and Divine Sovereignty so fold into each other that it is difficult deciding where one leaves off and the other begins or whether they work contemporaneously. I decided to go to Amherst and consult Professor Seelye, who had been a good friend and a wise counsellor. I knew from what had previously passed between us that his theory of Providence was very much like my own, which led me to put implicit confidence in *his* theory,—which is about what our usual confidence in other people's judgment amounts to.

What transpired in my interview with him has already been referred to. In brief summary it was this:

"Parkhurst, you have been on an intellectual strain for fourteen years. You have neglected the development of your emotional nature and are thus left in a one-sided condition. I think that a couple of years of preaching would contribute to establish an equipoise. In other words your personality has become desiccated, and I think that a combination of pulpit and pastoral work will conspire to produce the necessary saturation." That was certainly direct, quite as much so as the phrenological examination to which I had once been subjected by Fowler of "Fowler and Wells."

I had already received from the ministerial association of Hampshire County a license to preach, a step that I was moved to by an instinctive rather than a rational impulse. I had never studied theology and have not done so since. The association convened in Goshen, a little hill-town in Northern Massachusetts. I went up from Northampton the afternoon before and spent the evening cursorily examining some theological treatise that I took up with me. I had a friend at court in the person of the pastor of the church in which my wife was a member. He acted effectively and his influence swayed the association. His name was Hall, the same as that of the minister that subsequently was of incalculable assistance to me when I came before the New York Presbytery. Whatever theory we may entertain in regard to the matter of "pull," it does marvellously lubricate the machinery of life. Some comments on theological preparation for the ministry I shall make further on.

Recurring to Professor Seelye's advice, it involved

no expectation or even intimation that a couple of years in the ministry would be of any advantage to my parishioners but only to myself. It was to be missionary work but I was to be the heathen as well as the missionary. The Professor said that he knew of a vacant pulpit and was acquainted with some members of the congregation to which the late occupant of that pulpit had ministered. He considerately omitted to mention that the late occupant had committed suicide. I consented to the Professor's communicating with the appropriate party belonging to the Lenox Congregational Church.

I presently received from that Church an invitation to supply its pulpit one Sabbath. Now this was in December, a cold month almost anywhere in the North and particularly so in central Berkshire which is a thousand feet above sea level. The village was lying under a couple of feet of snow; the wind, which in that locality rarely rests, even on the Sabbath, was blowing a gale and the mercury was playing around zero. At the close of the evening service the church treasurer came forward and laying a bill on the desk said, "There's your money." In the morning I rode two miles to the railway station, wondering if this was a fair specimen of what Professor Seelye promised me in the way of "saturation."

The outward condition of congelation, it presently appeared, did not extend to the hearts of the people. On request I visited them again and presently received a call which I accepted. The church was prepared to take me at my face value but preferred to conform to

usage and to seek the advice of a council, a council made up of clerical and lay members of the churches of South Berkshire. In other words it violated to that extent the Congregational principle, which is that of autonomy, and thought to secure to itself an adventitious dignity by taking a leaf out of the book of Presbyterianism; for Congregationalism, as authoritatively defined, is "the recognition of a church of that order as a self-governing body capable of choosing its own officers, expressing its creed in such forms as seem best to it, determining the conditions for the admission of its members and ordering its public worship as it deems most fitting." English Congregationalism keeps closer to that ideal than American, which latter betrays a coquettish leaning toward the Presbyterial system.

Accordingly an "advisory council" was summoned which held its sessions in "the little white church on the hill." The purpose of that council was not, I assume, to determine whether I was a christian, but whether I had reduced religious truth to a philosophic system to which all my pulpit utterances would be squared, as a tailor lays a paper pattern upon the goods from which he cuts his garment. It very soon became evident that the members were present for that purpose and were prepared to make the most of the opportunity.

Interrogation had not proceeded far before I felt thoroughly acquainted with the theological attitude of South Berkshire, and began to stake my hopes of a favorable result on the assistance of the same clergyman who had helped me through at Goshen, and on my father-in-law, who was a lay member of the council.

There was a long afternoon session at the close of which the members retired for rest and refreshments, to convene again in the evening in secret session. I never knew how the vote stood in the final action—only that I was allowed to be ordained. It was symptomatic of the prevailing sentiment that, at the close of the ordination services Dr. Gale of Lee, the moderator of the council, pronounced the benediction, a part which is uniformly assigned to the new pastor. I wondered how much experience of this kind was going to be necessary in order to fulfill Professor Seelye's desire to have achieved in me a proper balance between my intellectual and emotional nature.

Councils called for the settlement of a minister are always popular occasions for all except the candidate, for each inquisitor remembers the experience which he had himself had on a similar occasion and can put whatever question he pleases and stir any problem that happens to occur to him without thereby exposing any latent heresies of his own or imperilling his reputation for orthodoxy. It affords to the members of the council the congenial opportunity to see the wounded bird flutter under the difficult interrogations shot at him. It affords them the entertainment which less reverend people secure by less dignified means and has all the charm but none of the indecency of a cockfight. The council was generous, however, and threw the doors open to all the members of the Lenox Church congregation, securing thus a thorough advertisement of the candidate's moral, religious and dogmatic quality for good or for bad.

I have related this story with some detail not simply because it was an important incident in my life but because we can see in it part explanation of the meager number of earnest and independent thinkers that make choice of the ministry. They are the very ones,—other things being equal,—that the ministry most needs because sufficiently virile in their mentality to think for themselves and to reluctate against theological technicalities that are of mere human devising. And yet they are the very ones that will be most likely to be turned down when they apply for holy orders, especially if they encounter the sort of council that I was pitted against in South Berkshire.

It is of interest that even St. Paul, who could hardly be charged with heterodoxy, took care to keep out of the way of the "pillars of the church." It is difficult for people who do some thinking on their own account to satisfy those who have in such way committed themselves to a formula as to be more enamoured of the formula than of that which the formula vainly attempts perfectly to express. That was why the late Professor Briggs was turned out of the Presbyterian Church for heresy. His accusers could not understand how a man who expressed himself in terms different from those which they employed could have as firm a grasp upon biblical truth as they did themselves, even if not a considerably firmer grasp.

In reading the narrative of Christ's dealings with the people he moved among, it is noticeable what a variety of notes he struck in order to hit the music that was in each ear. The sick believed in him because

he healed them; the blind because he gave them new eyes; the hungry because he procured them bread; the thirsty because he made them wine; the discouraged because he brought them a new hope; the wicked because he forgave them. He conducted men to God, but was all kinds of open door for them to go through and a separate door for each particular one.

So that if the sick man that was healed had gone out to preach Christ he would have preached him as the healer; the blind man that had sight given him would have preached him as the light of the world; the hungry man that had been fed would proclaim Christ as the bread of life. They would each have taken their text not from the catechism but from Christ as he had become especially revealed to them through their own specialized experience of him. Other aspects of Christ's character and ministration they might each of them be unable to say much about, and would so far forth have passed a very unsatisfactory examination, and yet by declaring that which they knew and by testifying to that which they had seen, would have been able to speak to the edification even of some who were distressed by the fragmentary character of the preacher's theology.

During this long digression the members of my council scattered back into South Berkshire. I had only kindly feeling for them individually and collectively. I knew they cherished only a generous sentiment toward me personally, even though discounting me in my character as a prospective South Berkshire Associate. Although I was geographically included

within the South Berkshire Association of ministers no one of its members showed any disposition to fraternize with me and I of course, although with the kindest of feelings, held myself aloof from them. For an entire year I was left alone with my congregation whose members seemed contented and happy, all the more so perhaps because of having been momentarily anxious lest they should lose me.

My people belonged to the farming class except such of them as were city guests, of whom there were very few as far back as 1874 and those few made but a brief stay.

Being myself possessed by birth and by early life of rustic tastes and aptitudes I had no difficulty in adjusting myself to my flock. I had no urban airs that could offend them and their rusticity did not offend me. A country-bred minister is better adapted to a country congregation, and a city-bred to a city congregation. It is not easy to escape the limitations wrought in one by early environment.

My parishioners were none of them exquisites but they were genuine. There was no discrepancy between inside and out. There was no finish that camouflaged the substance. That simplified the process of acquaintanceship. Very few had an education that went beyond the grammar or high school. The recent transfer of the county seat from Lenox to Pittsfield had carried with it most of the college-educated. There was no lack of intelligence, however, nor of heart. There was plenty of downright thinking which is an essential to agricultural success. It is a mistaken notion to suppose

that lack of education makes a man easy to preach to. A common everyday farmer may not be equal to the finenesses of intricate ratiocination but he is any man's equal on ground that has to do with fundamental principles. His daily occupation works in him constructively in a way that a university knows nothing about.

The people that I had to deal with were exceedingly individual. That is the New England type. My congregation was not a continent but an archipelago. Each man left off before the next man began. I never mistook one man by thinking he was some one else. Of course therefore they did not readily coalesce. They were not naturally adapted to team-work. One man would do better work by himself than two would do the same work coöperatively. My mind therefore is very definitely impressed with the distinctive personality of the members of my congregation, although it is nearly fifty years since I first came to them.

I liked them all and love their memory. They were very kind but sometimes they perplexed me. The angularity of their judgment and the unsymmetry of their character were a frequent puzzle. They were sometimes so intense in their conscientiousness as to be pitilessly harsh in their judgments.

I had two deacons (the New England deacon has a reputation all his own) whom we will call A and B. A called upon me one day, and speaking of B said, "He dishonors his profession and is not fit to be a deacon." It happened that the very next day B called and the conversation turning on A, he said, "He is a fit subject for Church discipline." Now both of those men are in

heaven and have a worthy place there. Each had too clear an eye for certain things and not eye enough for other things.

The system of theology prevailing among the members of the church was of a decidedly conservative type, in some cases almost severely so; as in the case of a dear Scotchman who had a lovely wife and family, most genial and kindly in bearing and address, apparently most mellow in all their subjective experiences, but when the oldest child of the family, a son grown to be fifteen years old, expressed a desire to unite with the church and I questioned him upon his religious experience and views and asked him what he thought was the first step to be taken in becoming a christian his reply, spoken hesitantly and sadly was, "I suppose that the first step that I have to take is to repent of the sins of my ancestors." What at present is known as a Fundamentalist could not go further.

My people, many of them, had heavy burdens to bear and very little that varied the monotony of their experience. There was among them little social life. That made for me the opportunity to be much with them in their homes, where I was always warmly welcomed. I watched with their sick and although none of those to whom I rendered that service eventually recovered, I am pleased to attribute their decease to something beside my attentions.

Such intimacy of relations, less possible in the city than in the country, is a distinct element of a pastor's power. It enables him to illustrate in common life what he preaches in the pulpit and tells with a direct-

ness and a continuity of effect rarely achieved by pulpit deliverances. That closeness of contact with the diversified experiences of one's parishioners works also to the advantage of the preacher, provided he is pastor as well as preacher, by suggesting lines of practical and appreciable thought that he can weave into his discourses. A sermon ought to be made up in about equal parts of Bible, and everyday life.

While no sermon that I ever preached is such that I can regard it with entire satisfaction, yet the sort of homiletics that I played off upon my Lenox people in the first months of my stay with them I continue to recall with an emotion of horror. No specimens of my sermonic experimentation survive. To destroy them was my only means of comforting myself. I could no more preach than I could sing. President Seelye's "saturation" was a word that had no reality attaching to it. I brought absolutely no heart to the work. I was in Lenox purely as an ad interim expedient.

I was rather strong on the logical side and assumed that the unconverted members of my flock, of whom there were presumably several, and whose conversion I supposed I was there to compass, could be readily syllogized into the kingdom of heaven; major premise; minor premise; conclusion. There was a flaw somewhere; the conclusion halted. What I gave them were lectures rather than sermons, to which I imparted a homiletic flavor by appending a concluding paragraph or two of a hortatory type, such as would seem to ease the way toward an appropriate and effective "Amen." There was no revolt on the part of the congregation.

Whether its placidity was due to spiritual inertia or to a love that suffereth long and is kind, I could not tell.

Such a condition of things could not continue indefinitely. It was forbidden by the seriousness both of the pulpit and the pew. The progress of events must bring its own correction. This correction came as result of the closer and closer personal relation into which I came with the individual members and families of my flock, with the consequent understanding of the burdens, sorrows and temptations to which they were subjected, and which required the relief of that Gospel of comfort and strength of which as pastor and teacher, I had been put in charge. How evident it became to me that the man in the pulpit must also be the man in the home. Professor Seelye's theory had begun to justify itself. Pulpit lectures on the beauty of Berkshire scenery and the glory of the constellations were replaced by appeals addressed to the inner experiences of those who looked up to me from the pews.

The tender immediacy thus involved in the relation between the man in the pulpit and the man in the pew has led me to wonder whether I did not make a mistake in not disciplining myself to preach without notes. It is unfortunate that we cannot know without having to learn, or that we cannot live twice and in the second life correct the mistakes that we made in the first. A manuscript does to a certain extent intervene and inevitably intervene as a barrier between the pulpit and the pew, and so far forth carry with it a sacrifice of power. Dr. William M. Taylor of the Broadway

Tabernacle was a prince of preachers and he regularly read what he had written. Dr. R. S. Storrs commenced in the same way but adopted the extemporaneous method later on, and he was a king of preachers. He once said to me,—"Every horse must take its own pace." My belief after forty-five years in the pulpit is that, if one is equal to it, the unwritten sermon goes furthest and deepest, although it may sometimes be paid for by failure and by faultiness and inelegance of phraseology.

The two years for which Professor Seelye had indentured me to the Lenox congregation passed more and more rapidly after the first six months and I moved from the second year to the third with no thought of anything but being the shepherd of my flock. I do not remember that I had any particular thought about it but if I did it was to the effect that I was doing the kind of work that I was intended for. The problem had solved itself in the only way in which large problems can be solved. I was no longer looking for a professorship in comparative philology, nor was I laying the wires with a view to getting out of my present field into a larger. I did not consider Lenox as a stepping-stone to a higher field of service. Any field is sufficiently extended to engage all the energies that any man is capable of exercising. A young minister who keeps one eye on the church that he is in and one on the church that he would like to be in, is hardly fitted to be in either; and when the time after five years came for a break, it cost me pain in which I know that my dear

parishioners were participant. If a man sincerely loves his first wife he may nevertheless love his second, but it will not be in quite the same way, and that means no lack of sincere affection for the second and no implication of the second's unworthiness.

CHAPTER IV

MY SECOND PASTORATE

In December of '74 I received an invitation to preach at the morning service of the Presbyterian church that was then worshipping in this city at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, under the pastoral charge of the late Dr. Marvin R. Vincent. The invitation had been covertly arranged for. During the previous summer I had had in my Lenox congregation a gentleman and his family from New York (Mr. D. Willis James), who had been for a long time deeply interested in the Madison Square Church. Since he was, while in Lenox, a constant attendant at my church I naturally met him and a pleasant acquaintanceship developed between us, resulting in his request, on leaving Lenox for the city, that when I wanted a little respite in the middle of the winter, I should pay him and his family a week's visit. I interpreted his invitation as being simply a pleasant way of expressing his kindly feeling for me and forgot all about it till I was reminded of it by an invitation of the kind he had prospectively tendered me six months before,—an invitation which he now amplified by saying that Mrs. James desired that I should slip a sermon into my suit case.

I did as he requested, and on arriving at his resi-

dence on a Saturday afternoon was called upon by Dr. Vincent and invited by him to preach for him the following morning. Of course if I had been longer in ministerial life and more familiar with the way in which things are done I should have suspected something and should have detected how neatly three or four things, each of which meant nothing by itself, fitted into each other to form an exceedingly shapely whole. As it was, no lamb ever went to the slaughter more cheerfully and unsuspectingly than I went and preached to Dr. Vincent's congregation. Three days later I received an informal invitation to the pastorate of the Madison Square Church. The steps by which it was compassed were exceedingly clever and had the advantage of acquitting me of ambitious designs and the other advantage of enabling me to preach for Dr. Vincent in a manner of entire freedom and unrestraint. I have told the story with some detail for it was so serious an event in my history that I could hardly leave it out of my autobiography.

The invitation tendered me was in due time accepted. The break-up at Lenox was a trying one on both sides. We had learned to believe in each other. There were some who felt that I ought not to leave them, while others, particularly the male members of the church, considered that if I was ever going to leave them now was the time.

My first sermon in the Madison Square Church was preached on the 29th of February, 1880. The occasion was observed with quiet dignity, such as was always characteristic of the Madison Square Church people. I

was led into the auditorium by a long procession of church officers,—elders and deacons,—marshalled by the Rev. Dr. Adams, who introduced me to the congregation as "Our Pastor" in terms of affectionate delicacy, which seemed then and there to establish a bond between me and my new people. To use an expression that I once heard employed by the late Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, all the members of that procession have in the meantime with a single exception "moved from the aisles into the arches."

The Madison Square Church had moved that I become its pastor, but Presbytery had not seconded the motion, and all which that signified I had still to learn. This was in 1880, and prior therefore to Presbytery's change of heart. I was known to be nothing but a Congregationalist, born such and ordained by an association of Congregational ministers. All of which was against me. I was a denominational foreigner with naturalization papers subject to Presbyterian discount. It was also against me that when asked if I believed in the Presbyterian polity of government I replied that I knew very little about the Presbyterian polity. It was the only honest reply I could make, but I could feel that it bruised a sensitive nerve in the hearts of the Presbyters, and preparations were made to set the stage for an application of the "third degree." I began to realize that New York Presbyterianism might prove a harder fence to break through than South Berkshire Congregationalism.

At this critical juncture something happened which has always seemed to me to have been a direct inter-

position of Providence, without which,—the condition of the Presbyterian mind at that time being taken into the account,—it is very doubtful if I should ever have become pastor of the Madison Square Church; and singular as it may appear, the instrument which Providence employed for its purpose was the late Dr. John Hall, as unflinchingly conservative a dogmatic as was to be found on the floor of Presbytery. It appears that there was a family in Lenox with which Dr. Hall had been brought into rather close relations. It was a family of which I was myself particularly fond, and my sentiments toward which were thoroughly reciprocated. Through that relation I had become something other than a mere stranger to Dr. Hall and opportunity had been afforded him of discovering that even if I were only a Congregationalist and as ignorant as a young Fiji of Presbyterian polity, I was yet not altogether bad and under Presbyterial influence might become something worth while. When therefore arrangements were being made for my impeachment the Doctor arose and spoke substantially as follows,—"Our young brother has come to us from the Congregational Church. He has come properly accredited by the authorized representatives of that body. That body is recognized by us and affiliated with us, and it would be an expression of disrespect to it, if we were to subject this brother to a formal examination." This effected a stay of proceedings and I was formally adopted into the Presbyterian fold. In the words of our old Presbyterian hymn, "O Lord, on what a slender thread, etc."

No pastor could ask for a nobler company of men and women than that which composed the congregation that it was my privilege to serve for thirty-eight years. It was high-minded, fine-spirited and graciously considerate of the shortcomings of the young importation from the country. If there were individual disaffections I never knew it. In fact the current of our church ran so smoothly and was so free from startling or sensational event that it is impossible to compose a history of it that would be of interest to any but those who were immediately connected with the congregation. There was, I think, the realization on the part of my people that whatever the imperfections of my ministry, whether as preacher or as pastor, I was doing the best I knew how. I was rarely out of my pulpit on the Sabbath and commenced at once to make myself personally acquainted with the individual members of the congregation. I did not follow the advice of one member who said,—"We do not expect you to call upon all the members of the congregation but there are a few of us that hope you will see us quite frequently." I felt that the same democratic spirit ought to govern my conduct in the city as had governed it in the country.

In my Congregational pastorate all matters of secular import were of course subject to the will of the entire congregation, and all matters concerning the spiritualities were under the control of the entire membership of the church. As I told the Presbytery, I had no knowledge of the fact that under Presbyterian principles it was only to a small board of trustees that were com-

mitted the material interests and to a small board of elders responsibility for spiritual interests. It was a great relief to me to find that the New England system of open town meeting where those who knew least had the most to say, did not obtain in Presbyterial ecclesiasticism and that only those whom the congregation considered most capable of bearing responsibility had responsibility laid upon them. It is with very great pleasure that I look back to the meetings of our Session where matters of great spiritual moment came up for consideration. We must have had between one and two hundred such gatherings and only once was there the slightest suggestion of friction and that had to do with the matter of music, a subject concerning which the two that were principally concerned in debate had only elementary information. Some disquiet regarding the same matter subsequently developed itself and even extended itself through the congregation. It was a disturbed condition of mind that was entirely explicable, but the progress of events soon changed conditions in a way to the satisfaction of all concerned. As music is the concord of sweet sounds it is strange that it should be so disharmonizing in its effects and that it should be the special occasion of anxiety to a pastor.

There may have been some criticism on the active interest which for two years I took in matters of local politics, although, if there was, I was not knowing to it. Entrance into such conflict was not premeditated, but, once in, it was hardly possible or honorable to draw out. The final issue must have tended, at least, to diminish any displeasure which may have been excited

by my actions. On general principles however it is unwise and unjust to the interests of a church that so large an amount of time and effort, due to the church, should be withheld from it and applied elsewhere; a proposition which at the same time, does not antagonize this other principle that the world is put in charge of the church and that what is bad in the world is there for the reason that the church has not yet compassed all the ground that by divine right belongs to it.

One problem which I had to face, notice of which was given to me at my first entrance upon the scene, was the rival claim which was made upon a number of members of the Madison Square Church by religious efforts which were being prosecuted outside of the church and outside of any church. I would not have moved any man from an outside position which he was occupying efficiently and have solicited his transferring his active allegiance to his own church; at the same time if all the activity expended elsewhere had been centered at Madison Square it would have added tremendously to the efficiency of the church and would possibly have extended its tenure of life. It must be remembered in this connection that the church with its sacraments, is the determining center of christian power, and that any Gospel work carried forward outside has to lean back upon the church for its permanency and efficiency.

It is pleasant to mention just here the splendid outside work that for thirty-six years has been carried on *in vital connection* with the Madison Square Church, managed by a committee from the church, and which

has been for twenty-nine years under the efficient chairmanship of Mr. Henry N. Tifft. By virtue of its direct connection with the church it strengthened the church even as the church strengthened it.

Of the coöperation of the women of the church I cannot speak in too earnest terms of appreciation. On the basis of prior organization they soon passed under the guidance and inspiration of Mrs. Parkhurst and materially strengthened the church by wise, devoted and unremitting service and by the hold which they gained and retained upon such members of the congregation as were not enlisted in direct church enterprise.

As our choir acquired a city-wide reputation it is proper that mention should be made of it. When I came to the church its music was its one weak point. I early inferred that from the fact that at my service of installation music was excluded. On ordinary occasions the music was rendered by a quartet backed by an antiquated "whistle-chest." The soprano and contralto were antipathetic. The bass was Teutonic and his life had been lived prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. His vocal output expended upon the rendition of the songs of Zion varied in volume according to the degree in which at the moment he was under the influence of the spirit. His service culminated in an unfortunate loss of self-control terminating in an unseemly disaster.

During the latter part of my pastorate my chorus choir, under the direction of Howard E. Parkhurst, my brother, was my particular joy. Its members were

warmly in sympathy with the service. They reënforced the minister. They sang appreciatively the Gospel that he preached. There was no attempt at display. I rarely listen to a choir which does not in my judgment suffer by comparison. I still miss it although it is three years since I listened to it.

MOVE TOWARD AMALGAMATION

When I came to the church in 1880 the entire region was solidly residential. Perhaps no one at that time dreamed that it would ever be otherwise; nor was there any marked drift of population till after the erection of the new church. But when the change came it broke upon us with a suddenness that was disconcerting and disheartening. When we finally succumbed to destiny the center of gravity of my congregation was between Fortieth and Fiftieth streets.

To abandon a consecrated edifice at the impulse of changeable human conditions seems almost like a divine defeat and under all circumstances is regrettable, especially because of the interpretation likely to be put upon it by those who have no personal interest in consecrated places. I remember the dismantling of a church at Twentieth Street many years ago, and the effect, both depressing and comical, that was produced by the uncovering to the public eye of a text of Scripture that had been painted upon the inner wall, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

At the same time, so far as we cannot create conditions, it is a matter of good Christian sense to adjust ourselves to those that force themselves upon us. Out

of the situation which thus confronted us developed the scheme of amalgamation, by which the three churches, Madison Square, Old First, and University Place, became combined in a single ecclesiastical body. The three congregations entered into the arrangement with varying degrees of cordiality, the three pastors interesting themselves in promoting the plan with their respective congregations; it being considered that by combining the three congregations and pooling their respective assets (of which Madison Square furnished nearly one million) there would be established an institution so securely planted as to be proof against the effect of shifting populations and all other adverse influences that might assert themselves for generations to come, becoming thus a monument of Presbyterianism as Old Trinity has been monumental of Episcopalianism.

At this point it is fitting that I make a few extracts from the sermon which I delivered on the morning of May 26th, 1918, the last which I preached to my dear people, as follows: "The sacrifice of our local identity as a church, because of the merger now consummated, must be viewed under that aspect. The sacrifice costs almost inexpressible pain, but instead of its working our extinction or diminution we enter only more largely into the totality of church life. The State of New York is made more of a State by being part of the American Union than it would have been by being thrown out into midocean and left to work out its own national destiny. In its present relations it becomes sharer in

the nation's collective life, participant in its larger benefits, in its more affluent resources.

"The finer any kind of organization the more it suffers by being lived in a small way. Where its real value is largely dependent upon action and reaction maintained between its members—as is the case in a church—its quantitative reduction involves its qualitative reduction. So that, maintained under proper condition, the life of the Amalgamated Church will do more for its members than would be done for them while living in a three-fold state of isolation.

"All of this will result if the enterprise is entered into as an opportunity, not as a cold necessity. A continent promises more to its inhabitants than an archipelago. All of this follows with the recognition of the clear truth that a local church is at its best but a mere fragment; and the more it is expanded—other things being equal—the more adequate becomes its experience of church reality and church efficiency.

"That is why denominational distinctions are bad; they frame the universal church of God into compartments—some of them air-tight—which prevent both the introduction of fresh air and also its expulsion. The church is as large as the sky and wants to be as open, with no custom house port of entry to tax spiritual commodities that are in transitu. In a word, we want to get together. We need the world. We are citizens in the kingdom of heaven, and that is a large situation and full of souls that have each some secret of theirs that they can tell us; and we can tell them something, too. To be narrow, to be closed in, boxed up, walled

off, is unchristian, unchurchly. Each of all the churches in the city would be richer in experience and in power if they all felt that they were leaning some of the weight on each other. If a Presbyterian bishop would accomplish that for the Presbyterian churches, or help to, I would vote for a bishop. The Catholics have a Pope, and their part of the church universal is the most perfect of any for unity, organization and efficiency. Catholic territory is not disfigured by fences. It is a great open lot, and in that respect is closer to the original church ideal than any other denomination or sect. Amalgamation stands for something, therefore; something precious, something near the heart of Christ; for it means looking upon holy matters and relations in a larger way, moving from a spot—a very dear and beautiful spot—but moving from a spot into an area; putting the emphasis on limitations that are less limited, drawing into a wider and more richly peopled christian environment."

THREE PERSONAL REFERENCES

Madison Square Church people justly believed that they were a little different from other people and seem still to cherish something of that same feeling. While they do not recognize each other by any occult sign as do members of a secret fraternity, yet there is something in them by which they still recognize each other. As I still conceive them, there is something of Madison Square about them.

It would be pleasant but impolitic to make particularized mention of individual members. Hardly, how-

ever, would any one criticise my making exceptional reference to three who sustained such a relation to the church and to myself personally, as to put them in a class by themselves.

The first of these is Rev. William Adams, D.D., the first pastor of the church. He had not only been its pastor but also its parent, and had brought it up and suffused it with his rich and genial spirit. It had organized itself around him, and was therefore naturally distinguished by those same qualities of grace, refinement and culture. The church was in that way a homogeneous body, even as the members of a family become in some degree duplicates of one another through community of birth and training. There was therefore no sharp variety of personal characteristics to which his successor had to adjust himself.

In addition to that was the beneficent fact that he at once adopted me into his favor. By thus creating a tide in my behalf he drew the congregation after him, and, so far as I know, neither then nor at any subsequent time, was there a reluctant or disaffected faction. Although the good Doctor lived only six months after I became pastor, that half year afforded all the time that was required to secure for me a pleasant and a pretty sure place in the regards of my people.

The second member of my flock to whom it is pleasant and proper to devote a few words of grateful and affectionate recognition is George W. Lane. He too was suddenly taken from us after I had been in the pastorate but a few years; but during those years and following upon the six months during which I had had

the encouragement of Dr. Adams, Mr. Lane, I might say, was the entire thing. He was elder and trustee. And whatever he said carried. The congregation moved after him as the flock follows the shepherd. He idolized Madison Square Church. It was to him a big piece of the kingdom of heaven dropped down and planted at the corner of Madison Avenue and 24th Street. There are but few still living that remember him, but those who do, recall the large warm place which at that time he filled in the life and administration of the church. I have met few men who were as competent as he so to harmonize in one and the same personality, obstinacy and grace. He was stubborn, but his stubbornness was so camouflaged with Christ-like benignity that to an undiscriminating observer he would have passed as the very acme of docility. To such an extent had he come to dominate my life and to shape my judgment that when there arose a question in regard to some point about which I had some doubt but that I wanted to introduce into the funeral address memorial of him that I was preparing, it occurred to me that I should have to go over to 8 West 29th Street and ask Mr. Lane. I love his very name.

The third member of the three that it would have been felt by all the members of the old congregation I ought to particularize and whom therefore I can name without fear of criticism is Mr. D. Willis James.

He had formerly been a member of the Madison Square Church, and returned to it not a great while after I had become its pastor. It was he who seems to have been the one who laid the wires that conducted

me to Madison Square, although I believe that Bishop Potter laid claim to a share in the responsibility.

I have already stated in a detailed way how it was that he first came into my life, and when he came into my life he came there to stay. After the death of Mr. Lane I was guided by him more than by any other. There was in him a certain prevision or power of rapid reasoning, which we call intuition, that enabled him to see more distinctly what others saw, but also to see beyond what others saw. What he foresaw came to pass. And he was rich emotionally as well as keen intellectually. He could therefore love voluminously but he could detest terrifically. In whatever direction his thought or feeling moved he let his entire self loose in that direction. That constituted his power, as he acted wholly and not fractionally. He loved Madison Square Church. He counselled for it, he prayed for it, and in a royal way contributed to its material needs. He was built on a large scale and turned all his dimensions to account.

There are many, very many more, whose names are scored deep on the roll of memory, each of whom contributed in his or her way to the beauty and joy of the position in which for thirty-eight pleasant years I exercised my Madison Square Church pastorate.

MY SERMON BEFORE THE AMALGAMATED CONGREGATION

My relation to the amalgation of the three churches was such that the story of my connection even with Madison Square would not be quite complete unless I

appended a few extracts from the sermon which I delivered on the first Sunday of November, 1918, on the occasion of the first united service (held in the Old First Church) of the Madison Square, Old First and University Place churches, as follows: "So unique are the circumstances under which we are assembled this morning that I am sure the event will constitute a memorable paragraph in the history of the ecclesiastical life of this city.

"The service is impressed with a double seriousness, the seriousness of abandoning so much that has been dear; the seriousness of committing ourselves to so much that is unknown.

"In the confluence of three congregations, expressed by our present assemblage, the Madison Square contingent naturally cherishes a Madison Square consciousness, the Old First contingent an Old First consciousness, and the University Place a University Place consciousness. Not labelled externally, internally we *are* labelled. The impression of our history is upon us, and to obliterate that impression is part of the price we have to pay in order to secure a successful consolidation. It involves a sharp break with the past. It is not simply a matter of cutting off the stalk, but of plucking up the root. It is a great deal to pay, but we cannot purchase great things with small money.

"We have been accustomed to use the terms amalgamation and consolidation. I raise the question, not out of academic interest, but with a view to practical results, whether that mode of phrasing does not leave

unstated one aspect of our present situation that it is essential to have emphasized.

"If from each of three buildings I borrow material to be incorporated in a fourth, that fourth structure is not the continuation of one or all of the three antecedent ones. It is a distinct architectural entity with its several ingredients organized under the constraint of a definite scheme and purpose of its own. If it is architecture it is a unit and not a composition. The three antecedent buildings have given up their life in contributing to the erection of a distinct architectural entity, which is not an amalgam and is as exclusively itself as though no other building had ever existed.

"A more apt setting forth of the case is afforded by St. Paul's illustration when he said, 'That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be.' Which denotes, as we very well understand, that the seed which is planted dies in giving origin to the new growth. My aim in this is that we should exclude from this church the idea of plurality. We are as much one as though it were the first church that ever existed.

"Madison Square Church is dead. The Old First Church is dead. The University Place Church is dead. There were three parents in this case and they all died in giving birth to this child, this child that is one all the way through, and with no more duality or triplicity attaching to it than attaches to your boy, because it required not only the father to beget him, but also a mother to bear him. You may say that that is an *idea.*

Yes, it is an idea, and ideas are serious things when they are as true as this and warmly and sacredly cherished. And by such cherishing we shall be individually making a large contribution to the success of this institution.

"It is proper and necessary to expect that a result which has been purchased at the tremendous expense of blotting out three churches, of a long and distinguished history, will be prolific in magnificent fruitage, otherwise it would prove an investment the like of which, if practiced upon the street, would be chargeable with the grossest and most pathetic miscalculation. That remark proceeds from the desire that having paid our reverent and loving respects to the past, we should now look with a clear and confident eye toward the future; that we should at this moment foster in our hearts large expectations; that we should enter into coming days and years with the assurance that if all conditions are properly fulfilled there is room for larger and better things in times to come than there has been in times past; and that assurance is not merely a bit of impulsive optimism but in strict accord with the economy of God, who arranges matters along the line of blade, ear and full corn in the ear. The unknown future is extending to this church a beckoning hand.

"The church does not count for all that it ought to in critical affairs of this present life. The church and the world are two vast oceans whose waters too rarely commingle. There are problems whose proper handling bears quite as certainly upon the ennoblement of

mankind as would the conversion of a tribe of wild men in Borneo or Mongolia. We cannot unify church and state, neither can we disentangle them.

"This desire can be expressed by saying that what is needed is something that serves the purpose that a sounding-board plays in a musical instrument, which throws the music out into the air, diffuses it, universalizes it. Any idea or purpose, wherever it originates, whether in General Assembly or in Congress, that makes for betterment, that deals with the essential necessities of the times, that makes for fundamental uplift, that adds another pure sweet note to the music that the world is singing, there is work for the Church, work for this Church.

"O God, make this Church a mighty instrument in Thy hands for the achievement of Thy holy purposes, and the full coming in of Thy kingdom. Amen."

CHAPTER V

MOUNTAINEERING

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS

I HAVE during the entire period of my ministry been much favored by my people in the matter of vacations. I know of no other congregation in the city that has been so generous in its allotment of seasons of rest as to allow an annual respite of four months. The expressed expectation of getting it all back in the shape of improved service during the remaining eight months may or may not have been disappointed. This, however, is beyond question that I feel the result of those intermitted periods of irresponsibility in my present condition of health and strength.

When circumstances allow there is evident advantage in having a portion of the year detached from the twelve months and devoted to a distinct class of interests and activities. Our fathers knew nothing of such an arrangement and were the consequent but unconscious sufferers. People, like clocks, stand in need of periodic winding. Change is inherently recreative. This change is suggested by the alternation of day and night. To the Hebrews some kind of periodic break had given it a religious sanction and was made a feature of the Decalogue. The farmer's need is in some measure met by the alternation of seasons, each bring-

ing with it its own peculiar class of activities. What is required is not so much inaction as diversity of effort, for there is a species of rest that is enervating, which not only does not fit for renewal of work, but unfits it, and carries the vital forces down to subnormal.

As a means of recreation, golf is good, as is boating, especially the former, for it gives opportunity for the play of feeling even up to the point of enthusiasm; yet there can be no mental or moral uplift in chasing a "pill" over level ground. This latter element, however, I have found in mountain work, the essential benefits of which I appreciate even after years of abstinence.

Mountain climbing is fine sport if indulged in temperately, and is practically free from danger if conducted in the intelligent observance of certain established rules and principles. While nature in all her severer aspects requires to be treated with respect and even with reverence, yet with that condition fulfilled she shows herself not only tractable but kindly. I need not say that those adventurous ascents which professional experts make, principally for the reason that they are venturesome, I did not undertake, but kept close to the dividing line between safety and hazard.

When asked, as I often am, what is to be gained by toiling up the rough and strenuous side of a mountain that cannot equally well be secured by viewing through a telescope, comfortably seated on the verandah, it is difficult to reply. Nothing but the mountaineer's own experience will furnish the answer, and that each one has to gain for himself. If it is reasonable to ascend

a little way in order to gain a more expanded view, it is by the law of proportion many times more reasonable to ascend ten or twenty times that distance to gain a prospect of a hundred or a thousand times the compass. It all turns on the keenness of one's sense of natural beauty. There are some people with whom it is impossible to exchange views on certain questions. People who think in a different vernacular cannot talk together.

Personally I find mountain work intoxicating. It results in sleeplessness. It gives to my nature a kind of thrust that keeps me a-going after my legs stop functioning. There are memory pictures in my mind that are as distinct at this moment as when painted there twenty-five or thirty years ago. Such pictures are worth infinitely more to me than any that can be framed and hung upon the walls of one's room. At this instant I am surveying a panorama that includes not only Switzerland, but considerable portions of France, Germany, Austria and Italy, as far down as the Italian Lakes. There is education in such experience; mental and moral uplift. It has been said that the undevout astronomer is mad. So I would say that the undevout mountaineer is mad. The great things of the world are the only ones that can match the possibilities of the soul. There are mountains in the moon, and I hope that the celestial world is not a weary stretch of monotonous level. I do not believe there could be a prettier or a sublimer heaven than this present world offers if only sin and suffering were eliminated.

PREPARATORY TRAINING

While the bulk of my mountain exercise was taken in Switzerland, I had previously done enough in this country to be assured that I was physically equal to any ordinary strain of that kind and that it was pleasurably remunerative. In the White Mountains I had climbed Lafayette, Chocorua, and twice ascended Mt. Washington, once by the Crawford bridal path and once by the mountain railway over the Jacob's Ladder. The latter trip was taken under adverse conditions. It was late in the season. The mountain trains had been taken off. There was no one at the summit but the officer in charge of the weather bureau, who furnished me such entertainment as he had in store; and the fog was so heavy at the top as to afford me no view. On the whole, it was not, I suppose, an altogether prudent excursion. It was experience, however, and that is always an asset.

My first appetizing taste of snow work was while Mrs. Parkhurst and myself were stopping at a hotel on the Nordfiord in Norway. I heard two tourists planning a simple trip up the Folge Fond which could be made in a few hours, and joining myself to them we made up a little party, employed a guide and made an excursion involving no difficulty but revealing the fascination that distinguishes that kind of dissipation. The day was bright and not too cold. The snow was in fine condition, hard enough to bear us up on the ascent, soft enough later in the day to admit of our coasting on the descent. One of our company, a tall

young Englishman, clad in a dress suit and silk hat, made an interesting demonstration of himself coasting down, for he seemed to lack the knack of regulating himself; his feet went faster than the rest of him, his legs were where his head and body should have been and his top hat was everywhere. Fortunately he was able to gather most of himself together before reaching a precipitous point which might have made of him a perpetual wreck. I remember that at the summit there was not a breath stirring. We lay out upon the snow in the warm sunshine and regaled ourselves upon the charm and the novelty of a Scandinavian landscape.

Norwegian scenery is in a class by itself, distinguished from that in Switzerland and the United States. Its peculiar features are the deep inlets along the coast, which, by admitting the warm water of the Gulf Stream, save the country from the barrenness that marks the west coast of the Atlantic at the same latitude. It is rather strange that the tide of travel sets so feebly toward Norway. We spent a part of two summers there, finding that the inconveniences of modes of conveyance and the imperfection of hotel accommodations were more than balanced by the peculiar attractions of the country, especially as one travelled further and further toward the North Cape. The people are not brilliant, but they are honest, more and more so according to the distance at which they live from the civilization of Bergen, Christiania and Trondhjem.

ON MY WAY TO THE SWISS ALPS

My point of departure was Vevey, a little Swiss village on the north shore of Lake Geneva, a dozen miles east of Lausanne. The beauty of the surrounding country held me till the summer season was so far advanced as to be uncomfortably warm. The lake with its environment is some of the Creator's best work. It can hardly lay claim to grandeur, but I have been in few places that can vie with it in elegant comeliness. It is so much in the nature of a picture that one almost forgets that it is land and water.

The silence of its waters on still days and nights is almost audible, matched only by the awfulness of the storms which rage upon it when nature has allowed her feelings to be moved and her temper to be aroused. With the exception of what I once experienced in Glacier Park, in the shape of a rainless downpour of electric discharges, an incessant rattling of celestial artillery, which wrought me into a state of absolute terror, I have seen nothing to rival the effect produced on Lake Geneva when a storm gathered from the lower end collides with another developed from the upper end and the two fight it out together to their mutual exasperation.

Geneva, Fernex, Vevey, Montreux; who can have lived and breathed among them and not have carried away in his heart some of their sweetness? It is not surprising to learn that as long ago as the early days of Rome its wealthy aristocrats established their country homes along the lake border.

Before going on up into the mountains I want to hold the attention of my reader for a moment to the little village of Fernex just mentioned. It is only a short and attractive bicycle run from Geneva. Its interest is due to the fact of its having been for a considerable time the home of Voltaire and to his erection there of a church still standing and bearing upon its face the inscription "Erected to God."

Voltaire was cursed by his French contemporaries for being an atheist, and their cry has been taken up by a class of believers who find an inexplicable but diabolic pleasure in forestalling divine judgment by inflicting an anticipatory damnation of their own. Building churches to God is certainly a rather peculiar style of atheistic activity. Voltaire was no atheist, but was classed as such because of his expressed hostility to the passionate bigotry of French Christianity, and was rewarded for his orthodoxy by having his body stolen by night from the church where it had been for many years entombed, carted out to the suburbs of Paris, thrown into a hole that had been previously dug for it, and buried like a dog. France would today be quite another country from what it is but for the way in which by ostracism and assassination it has despoiled itself of the best blood, industrial, mental and spiritual.

With the increase of summer heat there came a growing desire to quit the region of the lake for higher and cooler ground. Taking the Rhone Valley train we found ourselves the same afternoon at Zermatt, five thousand feet above sea, a small, dirty village, totally without attraction, save as it gave access to the most

distinguished heights of the Valaisian Alps, among them the Matterhorn, Weisshorn and Monte Rosa. Ninety-five per cent of those who visit Zermatt are satisfied to take the mountain railway to Gorner Gratt, five thousand feet higher, a point of magnificent outlook and not at all to be despised because it can be reached without effort. But riding is not climbing and lacks the stimulus and dignity of climbing, and men who have climbed make no record of what they have done by rail.

On first arriving I had no mountaineering aspirations, although made more susceptible to temptation probably by my slight experience in New Hampshire. So that when a guide proposed to me an easy experimental excursion, I tumbled to his suggestion, with the result, easy to be anticipated, that I walked with him five successive seasons.

The widely circulated stories of mountain tragedies naturally make one hesitate to submit one's self to mountaineering exposures. But upon making a rather careful study of such accidents I reached the conclusion that most of them were avoidable, and that with reasonable attention to a few simple conditions it is about as safe to climb the slope of a mountain as to walk on level ground, a great deal more so than to travel the streets of a city like New York.

I would like to encourage among young men the mountain habit, both because it is healthy and exhilarating; and therefore state here, very briefly and for their benefit, some of the conditions that need to be fulfilled as a guarantee of safety.

One should not undertake heavy work till legs, lungs

and heart have been subjected to a climbing strain of moderation. A young American thinks himself equal to whatever anyone else has done. It shows a spirit which if held under restriction is full of achievement, but otherwise is capable of mischief, as in the instance of an intimate friend who carried his Americanism to the point of audacity, subjected himself without preparation to a moderately long and difficult pull and suffered for six months in consequence. For such undertakings something more is necessary than ordinary sound health. For the ascent sound heart and good lungs are of course indispensable; also good knees, which take the strain on the descent. In rough work the descent is more trying than the ascent.

The next essential is a guide of established character and prolonged experience. In Switzerland that department of service is under government supervision. No one can act as first guide without a license. Formerly such license was not required, but government stepped in when it was discovered that tourists were being lost by incompetent guides and that climbers were being deliberately murdered on the route and their pockets rifled.

Each guide has in his possession a book issued by government, in which is contained the record of his license, and also statements, inscribed by previous tourists, of their opinion of the particular guide in question as to character, ability and fidelity. All of which affords the intending tourist a satisfactory basis upon which to act. Once only did I come near getting into trouble by engaging a guide who was not in a reliable

condition, a condition due to too much wedding reception. Much depends also on the amateur's disposition to renounce his own sense of sufficiency and to put himself absolutely at the disposal of his leader and to do his bidding without asking why.

Yet with all these precautions observed, accidents do sometimes occur and even professionals occasionally come to grief. My own guide, who served me for five years and had previously travelled the mountains for more than that length of time, lost his life on Dent Blanche, in a tragedy which was almost the exact duplicate of the Whymper disaster which occurred on the Matterhorn many years ago. Three guides, including my own, and one tourist lost their lives owing to the breaking of a rope. I always refused to be attached to the same rope as another amateur. Only once in all my experience on the mountains did I feel myself to be in danger.

MOUNTAIN ASCENTS

Arriving at Zermatt, I was at the lower edge of a wonderful world, ringed about by mountainous masses varying in height from ten to fifteen thousand feet. Mountains usually grow in clusters. Zermatt was at the center of one such cluster. It was placed on low central ground, with a valley extending all the way down to the Rhone—an arrangement which we might think was contrived in the interest of mountaineers, and incidentally for the convenience of a secondary class of people who find a reposeful enjoyment in magnificence but who are contented to gain only so much

of it as is obtainable without becoming physically strenuous—the hotel verandah mountaineers.

MONTE ROSA

Mountaineering is a good deal of a gamble, however careful the thought expended in arranging for it. Weather among the mountains is fickle and disappoints the most studied prognostications and most careful consultation of wind, temperature and barometer.

One of the climbs from which I had expected the most, and which cost me as much effort as any I have made, was the one up Monte Rosa, and it is the one that was more disappointing than any other. It took me from my bed at midnight and brought me back to my starting place late in the afternoon. At twelve o'clock the sky was clear and bright and full of stars, made brilliant by the thinness of the atmosphere, for we were then seven thousand feet above the sea, two thousand above Zermatt.

Our first move was upon a descending path of several hundred feet which took us down to the Gorner Glacier, which had to be crossed in order to bring us to where we could make straight work up to our objective point, which was Dafour Spitze, the supreme pinnacle of Rosa. The Glacier here is about a mile broad, bearing upon its surface, halfway across, a big medial moraine, made up of rocks which the glacier had picked up on its way down from the snow-fields. Moraines, whether medial, terminal or lateral, are the climber's bête noire. The accumulations, collected from years

and centuries of deposit, sometimes become enormous and are a coarse offense to the tourist.

Once on the other side of the glacier we were in position for a straight climb of 8000 feet. After the first quarter of that distance had been made the sky was beginning to become overcast, a sorry omen. A wind with increasing force was blowing from Italy. As we ascended into higher and colder air a few snow-flakes commenced to fall, but in that dilatory way that implied a force still held in reserve. By the time we had accomplished seven out of our eight thousand feet it had become bitterly cold and the air was so dense with snow-flakes that objects twenty feet away were only indistinctly visible.

At that point we stopped for a moment to consider. The outlook was unpropitious. In fact there was no outlook. It was so cold that the color of my guide's face was a yellowish green. It interested me, for I had never before seen a person that looked so much as though he were nearly frozen to death. He told me that my face looked just as his did. I wished that I had a glass so that I could see myself. He told me that the last thousand feet was the stiffest of the entire ascent. I believed him for from Gorner Gratt I had studied that section with a glass. I told him that if I was going to run any risk by going to the top I would not attempt it, but that otherwise I was going to go on.

Having disencumbered ourselves of every bit of our baggage that we could dispense with, his bottle of wine and my bottle of tea (which Mrs. Parkhurst had brewed for me and which contained just enough of

prohibition kick to add a little tension to my nerves), we continued our ascent to the summit. It was not pretty but it was glorious. We were in the midst of a big white world, the wind from the south blowing at a rate of not less than sixty to seventy miles an hour and the snow falling in drifts. I said that the trip was disappointing. In one sense it was. It was disappointing in the sense that we stood at a point from which, in clear weather, there is a view second in grandeur to scarcely anything else in Switzerland, and with such weather as we were in we could not see a thing. But it was immensely satisfying in this way, that I had a strange sense of what was invisible. I felt the grand presence of what I could not see. Physically it was not there, but spiritually it was there, and even what was distant was felt by me to be close to. It was a unique experience. There is nothing like it in New York. Descending I picked up my bottle of tea, which was frozen solid—"Iced tea."

A little way back I had occasion to refer to Gorner Glacier. Glacier peculiarities are interesting, and any of my readers unacquainted with them may like to have a few particulars stated. Glaciers might be called frozen rivers, and in many respects they preserve the character of rivers. They derive their supply from the elevated snow fields as rivers derive their contents from the uplands. They move as rivers move, although with a movement so slow as not to be immediately perceptible. They resemble a river in this respect, also, that their movement is more rapid—if the word "rapid" be admissible—at the middle than at the

sides. That is the reason why when Mark Twain wanted to come down from Riffle Alp to Zermatt he had his baggage moved out to the middle of the glacier. That such is the case is proved in this way: if a stake is driven into the ground at each of the two sides of the glacier, and stakes be driven into the ice of the glacier itself at intervals of ten or fifteen feet, but in such a way that those at the sides and those on the ice form a straight line, it will be found after twenty-four hours that the stakes no longer form a straight line but a curve, with the ones nearer the center having advanced further than those toward the sides. Even the one at the center will not have moved more than from two to six inches, so that Mark Twain's baggage would have required many years to arrive at Zermatt.

Reference to glacier movement brings to mind an interesting incident, although one of a rather ghastly character, which was widely reported in Switzerland but which may not have reached the United States. About seventy years ago three Englishmen were walking up the Glacier des Boissons, in the neighborhood of Chamounix. One of them, while standing at the edge of a crevasse, slipped and fell in. Its depth was so great as to render recovery impossible. Of course, he was soon frozen to death, even if the fall itself had not killed him. He became necessarily an ice-preserved integral part of the ice-river, borne along down by its flow as a log is carried by a stream of water. Some calculation was made as to the number of years that would elapse before the body would emerge at the foot of the glacier. I do not remember how exact the calcu-

lation was, but at any rate the body appeared after about fifty years with the freshness of early life still upon it. For it had simply been kept in cold storage.

One of the three that had walked the glacier together half a century before was still living and at his home in England. Upon receiving a telegram he came down and attended at Chamounix the funeral of his old tourist companion. Objects other than this of the human body have emerged in the same way after a great lapse of years. An umbrella that I accidentally dropped into a crevasse while going over the Alphubel Joch must by this time be well on its way to the Sass Valley. It would be an interesting object when it reappears. I would reward the finder liberally if I could receive it from him as a trophy of my mountaineering.

I have myself been far enough down on the inside of a crevasse to test its frigidity and appreciate its sublimity. While descending a glacier on my way down to the Rhone Valley I gained a closer acquaintance with one of these objects than is usual to the amateur tourist. The air was so thick with snow that we could see but a little way in front of us, and could keep our direction only by turning around and consulting the foot-tracks we had just left behind us, when we suddenly came upon the brink of one of these yawning chasms.

How deep it was we were of course unable to conjecture, for they sometimes extend down for hundreds of feet. It was too broad to jump, and to flank it would involve a disagreeable amount of extra travel. The plan adopted would have seemed to me unduly

hazardous except when executed by a guide as careful and experienced as my own.

A crevasse is shaped like a V, more or less broad at the top, but with the sides gradually approaching each other as the cleavage extends down into the massive body of the ice. From that it follows that by descending into the crevasse one comes closer and closer to the point where the approaching sides would be only a moderate distance apart. That will be intelligible to the reader if he keeps in mind the shape of the letter V. It was in view of that condition of things that my leading guide (I had two) acted. He commenced to cut steps one below another on the hither, nearly perpendicular, side of the crevasse, I following as he advanced downward, the rear guide with the rope (to which the forward guide and myself were attached) holding us in check as safeguard in case of a slip. At this moment I cannot imagine how he would have been able to save us if either of us had made a false step. But under such circumstances one is not supposed to make a false step. It is good schooling in the art of "minding your steps."

I do not know how far down we went. I was too intent on my steps to take account of distance and too considerate of the abyss of unknown depth beneath to allow my eye to attempt to fathom that depth. It was all very interesting, but not pretty. It was a big relief when the guide, who was doing the cutting, said, "Now I guess we can safely step across. Remain carefully where you are and I will commence a stairway up on the opposite face." After advancing far enough with

ascending stair-cutting to make a clear way for me, I crossed over and followed him step by step till we emerged once more at the surface. As he often said to me, "There is no danger in doing these things if a deliberate amount of time is given to them."

THE WEISSHORN

The Dom is one of the giants of the region, the highest mountain in Switzerland proper (Mont Blanc is not in Switzerland, but partly in France and partly in Italy), but its ascent is void of interest. It is all snow-work, but affords unlimited opportunity for skiing. We encountered a burning sun at the summit. It was the only climb in which I had an experience of hemorrhage, which was only slight.

The Weisshorn is another matter. I admire it for its beauty and treasure my memory of its difficulty. It is a conspicuous figure as seen from the Riffle and from Gorner Gratt. It is a rock, snow and ice pile, triangular in shape, culminating in a definitely marked apex. It is in the main beautifully white, and when seen glistening in the sunshine and tipped with a cloud-banner, is an object of surpassing splendor; and when the evening light and the evening stillness begin to gather about it, it challenges our reverence. The quarter hour I once passed in contemplating it from Gorner Gratt under those conditions is one of my most treasured experiences of Switzerland. But it cannot be read; it must be felt in order to be known.

Our first attempt to make the Weisshorn was a failure. When about three thousand feet short of the

summit ominous weather signs discouraged our progress, and snow, which had been falling in an irresolute kind of way, assumed a more determined spirit and imposed upon us a veto to which our guides, of which we had three, including the carrier, did not dare show disrespect. Snow in itself considered is not a fatal obstruction, as is evidenced by our successful capture of Monte Rosa. But in that case the way was plain. That is to say, there were no points that were perilously tricky. For that ascent, notwithstanding its exceptional height, I required only one guide. On the Weisshorn, per contra, there were a number of funny spots, exceedingly interesting ones, but such as did not need to have their interest augmented by the introduction of avoidable difficulties.

The second attempt was made under more favorable conditions, in the finest of weather, under a clear sky and with moderate temperature. It is not a height that one can assail in a playful mood. After two or three miles' walk down the valley, and as much more through the lower slopes—where it was somewhat toilsome, but perfectly plain work—from that point on it was business all the way up and especially all the way down.

Having accomplished all that preceded the strenuous portion of our problem, we camped for the night, or at least till past midnight. The night at that stage of the journey was cold. There had been a tourist's hut at that point, but the front had fallen down, the ends had fallen in, the roof naturally enough had collapsed, and nearly all that was left was the floor and a big boulder against which the hut had originally been built.

I remember the thrilling quietness of that night. The world seemed big and lonely. It was awfully still, with a stillness that was only occasionally broken by the rolling down from the heights above us of a stone that had dislodged itself from the ice. As day began to dawn we made a fire, cooked coffee, snatched a hasty breakfast and moved on. Between our camping-ground and the summit there were two passages at which the interest of the climb centered. The rest of the way it was a steady matter of finding our way up over an ungraded roadway where there was no road and one rock served as stepping-stone to the one above it. It was not easy nor was there any danger.

A little further on we struck an arête, which it took an hour to traverse. It lay nearly horizontal, but it was a ridge of only about two feet in breadth which formed the juncture of two slopes, each of which extended down without any considerable break for not less than two thousand feet. One can easily picture the situation. A person inclined to dizziness would have stood no chance.

What enhanced the precariousness of our path was the fact that it was slippery. Two or three inches of snow had lain upon it which the sun had so softened as to render it unreliable. The rope was kept taut between us, and when the path narrowed down to only a little more than a foot in width the two guides remained stationary, while one paid out the rope and the other paid it in. It was tedious but it was experience, and was accomplished without a fault by any of the party. Danger was practically eliminated by the pa-

tience and confident caution of all the parties involved. After so many years I could make a picture of that arête and of the three mountaineers that would be very true to the original. Such pictures contain too much to admit of being put upon canvas.

Between the ridge just described and the summit was another passage more critical, and unquestionably dangerous, which I would on no account repeat. It was an ice-field, lying at about the angle just stated and extending down to as great a distance as the slopes I have mentioned. The ice was as solid as either nature or art could produce. Each step was cut with an axe. There was upon it no surface that had been softened by the sun and which, had such a surface existed, would have helped to prevent our slipping. If either of us had stumbled there was nothing we could have caught hold of that would have sustained us; and the ice was so glassy that, if one had slipped, hob-nailed shoes would not have saved us, for the strain upon the other two would have been so great as to be irresistible and we should all three of us have slidden down into eternity together.

Such is the simple prose representation of the situation. I partially realized it during the half hour we spent in going up and another half hour in coming down, but I realize it perfectly now and on no account would I repeat it. Mountains are not playthings. Even in their more genial moods they exact from us respect, and in their savage aspects they command our homage. I am glad though that I did it. It is delightful to bask in nature's smiles, and a God of love could hardly

have made a world that did not exhibit some features of grace and tenderness. It is likewise wholesome to face nature's frowns; and a God whom Scripture represents as "mighty and terrible" could hardly have made a world in which those attributes also did not find their imposing expression.

CHAPTER VI

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN

THE village of Zermatt is situated about twenty miles from the Rhone Valley and connected with it by rail. It is a dirty, squalid little town with narrow, crooked streets paved with cobble-stones and housing a very small population, but containing three large hotels for the accommodation of tourists. Strangers arriving in bad weather and unacquainted with points of interest that the place gives access to, are apt to return to the Rhone Valley at once, considering a single glimpse of the place quite sufficient.

The practical interest of the town to the tourist lies in the fact that it not only gives easy approach by rail to Gorner Gratt, a superb point of observation ten thousand feet above sea level, and environed by a group of notable mountains (for big mountains, like big men, usually grow in clusters), but affords the gateway of access to those mountains and the path to their ascent—distinguished among which is the Matterhorn.

Among Swiss mountains the Matterhorn has a distinction that is all its own. It has been so often pictured that its form is familiar even to those who have never visited Switzerland.

It wears an aspect so grim as to render it forbidding and presents such an attitude of challenge as to provoke

the beholder to assault. It is the mountain of tragedy, and the fruits of its savagery are to be found far and near, notably in the little cemetery at Zermatt. The story of Whymper and of the four who, on the breaking of the rope that held them together, went flying through space and whose bodies, all but one, were recovered from the snows far down on the northern slope (and that one may eventually emerge at the foot of the glacier), has been told so many times as to call for no repetition here.

Although I have described the mountain as being grim in its aspect, yet there are times when it is made sublime by being partially invested with fog, and even beautiful if its summit is tufted with a cloud-banner. To know the mountain one should view it under its various aspects, but, in order to be really familiarly acquainted with it, one should climb it.

The world-wide reputation of the mountain and the numerous disasters suffered by those that were attempting to scale it made me naturally hesitant to expose myself to what purported to be its perils. Peril, however is largely a matter of personal disqualification for encountering the peril. Almost any expedition is dangerous unless undertaken with an equipment adjusted to existing conditions. By mountain work in Switzerland and elsewhere I had had experience of the essentials of such equipment, and had come to realize that as a rule peril was not massed at a single point but was graciously distributed along the entire line of ascent, so that if I was continuously circumspect I stood good chance of success. Moreover from

Gorner Gratt I had had frequent opportunities to inspect the monster and roughly to trace the path (which was not always much of a path) that extended from base to summit: all of which tended to induce on my part a kindly sentiment toward the object of my endeavor.

There was also the fact that although the summit was 14,000 feet above sea level, Zermatt, the point at which ascent commenced, had already an altitude of 5000 feet, which left a remainder of only 9000; from which latter figure there was a further subtraction to be made of 3000 feet, the distance in altitude from Zermatt to an upper hotel which was reached over open comfortable ground rather steep in places, but easily and safely traversed without a guide and with no suggestion of strain or peril; so that there remained only about a mile and a quarter of actual perpendicular ascent,—quite unimportant when considered arithmetically but sufficiently significant when experienced pedestrianly.

The Matterhorn is massive rock, as solid as on the day when by some mysterious convulsion of nature it was thrust up among the clouds. The scaling of it was slightly facilitated by the fact that in places the stratification is tilted at such an angle as to furnish something like steps, which give to the foot a convenient and substantial point of support. Such geological condition was the exception for the storms and tempests of uncounted ages have plowed into and wrecked what must have been the original formation and left little of original structure remaining, for even

the mountains decay, and century by century subside toward a level with the valley.

In the afternoon of the day on which I commenced my ascent I leisurely traversed the three thousand feet of altitude already noted, to a mountain hotel which afforded all the conveniences naturally required by guests seeking entertainment at that elevation. Here I joined the two guides with whom I had previously arranged. After we had dined and they had laid in a supply of bread, coffee, chocolate and wine,—wine sufficient to take us up and back, with a sufficient overplus to keep *them* in good spirits after we had gotten back,—we made a quiet start.

I am particular to say a *quiet* start, for there is much involved in commencing a high climb easily, in adjusting one's pace to the grade, and one's respiration to the thinness of the atmosphere; for at that altitude atmospheric pressure was already considerably reduced and it would become more and more so as we ascended. When put to an unusual task the body should be treated with great consideration. I mention these particulars, for some one who reads this account may be contemplating mountaineering and be aided by these practical suggestions.

The entire ascent may be briefly described as being a continued process of overcoming what at first sight appear to be insuperable difficulties. In course of time one becomes in a measure accustomed to them, but even so to an amateur they never altogether part with their originality. The guides of course were never fazed by them, for to them any angle less than seventy de-

grees means practically level ground. Obstacles they always find some means of circumventing. That constitutes a large part of the art of mountaineering. Even to the inexperienced it gradually becomes less difficult than it looks, and I was not obliged to depend upon my guides to such a humiliating extent as to forfeit their respect. Ropes, that at especially difficult points were attached for the support of the climber, I was advised not to touch, as exposure to weather makes them unreliable.

There was one momentous wall of rock before which I stood simply flabbergasted. It was at what is known as the "Shoulder." It is about three-quarters of the way up and is so noticeable a feature that any one will detect it in any sizable picture or photograph of the Matterhorn. It was at this point that the Whymper disaster occurred. As I stood there in meditative mood, questioning whether I was cut out for a mountaineer, I could look down at my right and see the slope over which the bodies of Whymper's four associates rolled to their cold death. The spot is fast fixed in my memory: frozen there.

This point of difficulty was slowly passed and by careful progress we compassed the remaining distance to the summit, which we reached about noon,—the final section from the "Shoulder" up being on all accounts the most trying of all.

During the ascent and at its finish there were three points which afforded specially memorable views, each of which more than compensated me for all my expenditure of effort.

The first was reached after evening had darkened into night, when, seen through the thin and clarified atmosphere, the earth and the firmament seemed to close in upon each other and we to be walking through the midst of the stars. It was moreover the season of the August meteors which made fantastic sport in the heavens and drew long swift lines of fiery light across the sky. It was another moment of bewildering magnificence when, in the early morning the sky began to be tinted and then to be flushed with the light of the rising sun. The entire valley below was a motionless sea of fog. For hundreds and hundreds of miles on every side mountain-peaks pricked their way up through the fog, and,—as the sun gradually cleared the horizon,—showed themselves as rose-tinted islands, a vast sun-lit archipelago. The entire scene was a soul-entrancing commentary on the solemn transaction of the world's birthday, when God said, "Let there be light."

The third feature of special interest I can introduce by saying that one of the fascinations of high mountain work is the gradually expanding view attendant upon every added upward step taken by the climber. One feels the world to be gradually growing around him. His horizon continues retreating further and further into the distance. One's expectation is kept sharpened by the curiosity to see what the next step will bring forth. A sense of weariness is extinguished by the steadily broadening panorama.

The final stretch of four or five hundred feet was, however, so sharp as to confine my attention to the difficulties of the path; but as at last I stepped out into

the clear, at the altitude of 14,000 feet, with the entire mass of the Matterhorn beneath our feet, my experience was so intense and bewildering as not to admit of being put into words.

It seemed as though I were everywhere all at once. It seemed as though the whole world, or a large part of it lay spread out around me. Mountain range rose behind mountain range like so many concentric waves in the boundless ocean of distance. The map of Southeastern Europe was unrolled around me and beneath me, Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy down to the Mediterranean, as though, like the Lord himself, we were about to see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. There are experiences known only to the mountaineer, and pictures cherished in his memory that reduce to insignificance all the products of human art.

CHAPTER VII

SUCCESSFUL ASSAULT UPON THE TAMMANY INTEREST, CONDUCTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRIME IN 1892-1894

I AM devoting considerable space to this matter for three reasons: first, because I was myself so involved in it that my autobiography would be incomplete without it; second, because there has been expressed to me the desire that the public should have given to it a simplified narrative of the campaign; third, because there were lessons taught then that should be impressed upon the minds of those who were children at that time but who are now sprung up into years that entail active civic obligations.

Tammany's defeat in '94 was achieved by the Society for the Prevention of Crime, an organization dating from October, 1878, and reckoning among its incorporators such men as Peter Cooper, Howard Crosby, Frederick A. Booth and D. B. St. John Roosa: Howard Crosby being its first president. I became connected with the Society in November, 1890, by invitation of Dr. Crosby, he being moved thereto by a published report of a sermon which I had preached shortly prior to the November election.

Dr. Crosby died soon after, and I was elected to fill

his place April 30th, 1891. The Society was at that time limiting itself to quiet work with no purpose of achieving radical results. I accepted the presidency on the condition that we cease occupying ourselves with cutting off the tops and apply ourselves to plucking up the roots.

As a country boy I had always looked upon New York as a kind of Jerusalem, a sort of holy city, a monumental exhibit of the finest product of modern civilization. Coming here in '80 I had no immediate means of learning anything to the contrary, for my attention was confined to the members of my congregation, who only confirmed me in my optimistic estimate. My congregation contained a large element of young men whose brightness and alertness arrested my attention and aroused my deep interest.

As a result of closer acquaintance with them, and in consequence of what I learned from trusted members of the legal and medical professions, I became acquainted with facts that considerably chilled my optimism, and led me to believe that my young parishioners would more easily grow up into manliness of life if they were less exposed to certain exacting temptations.

We had but a small force in our office, but such as we had I set in motion along the lines of the gambling and the social evils, only to learn to my innocent surprise that it was the Police that constituted the outworks of the fortification that I was undertaking to besiege, and that it was the city which I had so greatly admired from a distance, which, in one of its most prominent Departments, stood between me and the

young men whose interests it was my duty and privilege to safeguard. It dawned upon me that crime was the policeman's stock in trade, his capital, which of course it was to his interest to encourage in order to the enhancement of his personal revenues. That was the situation which I confronted and which I stated to the directors of my Society—the S. P. C.—with the insistence that they drop all minor matters and deal directly with the Police Department, making no alliance with it and giving it no quarter. The proposition was accepted with prompt and unanimous cordiality. That established a policy. The working out of details was another and more difficult problem, which was left to the Executive Committee consisting of Frank Moss, Thaddeus D. Kenneson and myself. To my colleagues I yield unstinted praise and unbounded honor. Our motto was, "Down with the Police."

What has been already related led up to what might be called "the first gun of the campaign," viz., the sermon which I preached in Madison Square Church Sabbath morning, February 14th, 1892, from the text, "Ye are the salt of the earth." No notice was given of its delivery, and it did not occur to the preacher that it would excite particular interest or create any marked impression. Viewed on general principles it was a most indiscreet performance, but it is probable that if I had said only what it was discreet to say, nothing would have come of it and it would have proved a blank cartridge. I am going to make extended extracts from that sermon for otherwise what occurred later would be inexplicable.

FIRST SERMON

"'Ye are the salt of the earth.' This, then, is a corrupt world, and christianity is the antiseptic that is to be rubbed into it in order to arrest the process of decay: an illustration taken from common things, but which states at a stroke the entire story. The reason for selecting the above Scripture, and the burden that is upon my mind this morning is this; that current christianity seems not in any notable or conspicuous way to be fulfilling the destiny which the Lord here appoints for it. It lacks distinct purpose, and it lacks virility. We are living in a wicked world, and we are fallen upon bad times. And the question that has been pressing upon my heart these days and weeks past has been, What can I do?

"We are not thinking just now so much of the world at large as we are of the particular part of the world that it is our doubtful privilege to live in. We are not saying that the times are any worse than they have been; but the evil that is in them is giving most uncommonly distinct tokens of its presence and vitality, and it is making a good many earnest people serious. They are asking, What is to be done? What is there that I can do? In its municipal life our city is thoroughly rotten. Here is an immense city reaching out arms of evangelization to every quarter of the globe; and yet every step that we take looking to the moral betterment of this city has to be taken directly in the teeth of the damnable pack of administrative blood-

hounds that are fattening themselves on the ethical flesh and blood of our citizenship.

"We have a right to demand that the Mayor and those associated with him in administering the affairs of this municipality should not put obstructions in the path of our ameliorating endeavors; and they do. There is not a form under which the devil disguises himself that so perplexes us in our efforts, or so bewilders us in the devising of our schemes as the polluted harpies that, under the pretence of governing this city, are feeding day and night on its quivering vitals. They are a lying, perjured, rum-soaked, and libidinous lot. If we try to close up a house of prostitution or of assignation, we, in the guilelessness of our innocent imaginations, might have supposed that the arm of the city government that takes official cognizance of such matters, would like nothing so well as to watch daytimes and sit up nights for the purpose of bringing these dirty malefactors to their deserts. On the contrary, the arm of the city government that takes official cognizance of such matters evinces but a languid interest, shows no genius in ferreting out crime, prosecutes only when it has to, and has a mind so keenly judicial that almost no amount of evidence that can be heaped up is accepted as sufficient to warrant indictment.

"We do not say that the proposition to raid noted houses of assignation touches our city government at a sensitive spot. We do not say that they frequent them; nor do we say that it is money in their pockets to have them maintained. We only say (we think a good deal more, but we only say) that so far as relates

to the blotting out of such houses the strength of the municipal administration is practically leagued with them rather than arrayed against them.

"The same holds true of other institutions of an allied character. Gambling-houses flourish on all these streets almost as thick as roses in Sharon. They are open to the initiated at any hour of day or night. They are eating into the character of some of what we are accustomed to think of as our best and most promising young men. They are a sly and constant menace to all that is choicest and most vigorous in a moral way in the generation that is now moving on to the field of action. If we try to close up a gambling-house, we, in the guilelessness of our imagination, might have supposed that the arm of the city government that takes cognizance of such matters would find no service so congenial as that of combining with well-intentioned citizens in turning up the light on these nefarious dens and giving to the public certified lists of the names of their frequenters. But if you convict a man for keeping a gambling-hell in this town, you have to do it in spite of the authorities and not by their aid.

"It may be said that this method of stating the case is injudicious; that it is unwise too sharply to antagonize the powers that be; that convictions will not be obtainable if we make enemies of the men who exercise police and judicial functions. On the contrary, there are only two kinds of argument that exercise the slightest logical urgency on the mind of that stripe of bandit,—one is money and the other is fear. We shall gain nothing by disguising the facts. To call things

by their right names is always a direct contribution to wholesome effects. A steamer can only make half-time in a fog. The first necessity of battle is to have the combatants clearly and easily distinguishable by the diversity of their uniform. We want to know what is what.

"Every solid statement of fact is argument. Every time you deal with things as they are, and name them in honest ringing Saxon, you have done something. It has always been a trump-card in the devil's game to keep things mixed. He mixed them in Paradise, and he has been trying to keep them mixed ever since. If the powers that are managing this town are supremely and concertedly bent on encouraging iniquity in order to the strengthening of their own position, and the enlargement of their own capital, what in Heaven's name is the use of disguising the fact and wrapping it up in ambiguous euphemisms?

"But after all that has been said the great fact remains untouched and uninvalidated, that every effort that is made to improve character in this city, every effort to make men respectable, honest, temperate and sexually clean is a direct blow between the eyes of the Mayor and his whole gang of drunken and lecherous subordinates, in this sense that while we fight iniquity they shield and patronize it; while we try to convert criminals they manufacture them; and they have a hundred dollars invested in manufacturing machinery to our one invested in converting machinery.

"We speak of these things because it is our business as the pastor of a christian church to speak of them.

We are not slow to insist upon keenness of spiritual discernment, or upon the reticent vigor of a life hid with Christ in God. Piety is the genius of the entire matter; but piety, when it fronts sin, has got to become grit. Salt is a concrete commodity, and requires to be rubbed into the very pores of decay. I scarcely ever move into the midst of the busier parts of this town without feeling in a pained way how little of actual touch there is between the life of the church and the life of the times.

"We have no criticism to pass on the effort to improve the quality of the civilization in Central Africa, but it would count more in the moral life of the world to have this city, where the heart of the country beats, dominated in its life and government by the ethical principles insisted on by the Gospel, than to have a belt of evangelical light a hundred miles broad thrown clear across the Dark Continent. And the men and women that live here are the ones to do it. It is achievable. What christianity has done christianity can do. And when it is done it is going to be done by the men and women who stand up and make a business of the thing, and quit playing with it: quit imagining that somehow we are going, by some indescribable means, to drift into a better state of thing.

"Say all you please about the might of the Holy Ghost, every step in the history of an ameliorated civilization has cost just so much personal push. You and I have something to do about it. If we have a brain, or a heart or a purse, and sit still and let things take their course, making no sign, uttering no protest, fling-

ing ourselves into no endeavor, the times will eventually sit in judgment upon us, and they will damn us. Christianity is here for an object. The salt is here for a purpose. If your christianity is not vigorous enough to help save this country and this city, it is not vigorous enough to do anything toward saving you. Reality is not worn out. The truth is not knock-kneed. The incisive edge of bare-bladed righteousness will still cut. Only it has got to be righteousness that is not afraid to stand up, move in the midst of iniquity and shake itself. The humanly incarnated principles of this Gospel were able in three centuries to change the moral complexion of the whole Roman Empire; and there is nothing the matter with the christianity here except that the incarnations of it are lazy and cowardly, and think more of their personal comfort than they do of municipal decency, and more of their dollars than they do of a city that is governed by men who are tricky and beastly.

"But you ask me perhaps, what is the use of all this asseveration and vituperation; what is the good of protesting? Do you know what the word Protestant means? Do you know that a Protestant is nothing but a *protestant?* A man who protests? And did not the men who protested in the Sixteenth Century do a good deal? Didn't they start a volcano beneath the crust of the whole of European civilization? Wherever you have a Luther, a grand stick of human timber, all afire with holy indignation, a man of God, who is not too lymphatic to get off his knees, or too cowardly to come out of his closet, confront iniquity, look it

in the eye, plaster it with its baptismal name, such a man can start a reformation and a revolution every day in the year if there are enough of them to go around. Why, it makes no difference how thick the darkness is, a ray of light will cut it if it is healthy and spry.

"Do you know that the newspapers had not been solidly at work for more than about four weeks before the dives began to close up? Why, the truth will frighten even a policeman, if you will lodge it where David did when he fired at Goliath. Truth, with explosive enough behind it, would scare even the captain of a precinct, and chase the blushes from the callow face of a District Attorney.

"You see that these things do not go by arithmetic, nor by a show of hands. A man who is held in the grip of the everlasting truth and is not afraid is a young army in himself. That is exactly what the Bible means when it says that one man shall chase a thousand. That is the way history has always gone. That is what the Bible story of Sodom means and the assurance that ten men would have sufficed to save it. Not ten that were scared, but ten that so had the courage of their convictions, and that so appreciated the priestliness of the office to which they had been called that the multitudinousness of the dirty crowd they stood up among neither dashed their confidence nor quenched their testimony.

"This is not bringing politics into the pulpit, politics as such. The particular political stripe of a municipal administration is no matter of our interest, and

none of our business; but to strike at iniquity is a part of the business of the church, indeed, it is *the* business of the church. It is primarily what the church is for, no matter in what connection sin may find itself associated and intermixed. If it fall properly within the jurisdiction of this church to try to convert Third Avenue drunkards from their alcoholism, then certainly it is germane to the functions of this church to strike the sturdiest blows it is capable of at a municipal administration whose supreme mission it is to protect, foster, and propagate alcoholism. If it is proper for us to go around cleaning up after the devil, it is proper for us to fight the devil. If it is right to cure, it is right to prevent, and a thousand times more economical and sagacious. If we are not, as a church, transcending our jurisdiction by attempting to convert Third Avenue prostitutes from their harlotry, then surely we are within the pale of our authority as a church when we antagonize and bear prophetic testimony against an administration the one necessary outcome of whose policy it is to breed prostitutes.

"The only object of my appeal this morning has been to sound a distinct note, and to quicken our christian sense of the obligatory relation in which we stand toward the official and administrative criminality that is filthifying our entire municipal life, making New York a very hotbed of knavery, debauchery and bestiality, in the atmosphere of which, and at the corrosive touch of which, there is not a young man so noble, nor a young girl so pure, as not to be in a degree infected by the fetid contamination. There is no malice

in this, any more than there would be if we were talking about cannibalism in the South Sea Islands; only that having to live in the midst of it, and having to pay taxes to help support it, and having nine-tenths of our christian effort neutralized and paralyzed by the damnable pressure of it, naturally our thoughts are strained to a little snugger tension.

"I have meant to be unprejudiced in my position, and conservative in my demands, but, christian friends, we have got to have a better world, and we have got to have a better city than this is; and men who feel iniquity keenly and who are not afraid to stand up and hammer it unflinchingly and remorselessly, and never get tired of hammering it, are the instruments God has always used to the defeat of Satan and to the bringing in of a better day: with a confidence so intense that we shall not be afraid; loving righteousness with a loyalty so impassioned that we shall feel the might of it and trust it, and our lives become this day enlisted in the maintenance of the right, and thus show that Almighty God is mightier than all the ranks of Satan that challenge His claims and dispute His blessed progress."

From innumerable newspaper comments passed upon the sermon, I introduce only two, as follows: "We hope that every good citizen of New York will read the admirable report of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's rousing sermon yesterday morning at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. It was the severest indictment of this Tammany-debauched municipal gov-

ernment that has been made. It is a good sign when the ministers of this city find time and tongue to denounce our monstrous misgovernment."

"The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst 'took on dreadful' last Sunday. With well feigned virtuous indignation he rhetorically assaulted the whole municipal outfit, plainly stating that the officials, from Mayor Grant down to the last Dago appointment in Tom Brennan's street-cleaning force, were the silent partners of all the enterprising criminals in town. Dr. Parkhurst would be entitled to all the way from five to five hundred years' penal servitude for such an assertion, if it were to be levelled at specific individuals."

The charges that I made from my pulpit on the 14th of February were founded exclusively on rumor. It was on that account that I was grilled by the officials of the city, all of whom realized the truth of my charges, and knew that if I had gone considerably further the truth would still have been on my side; that fact, however, did not relieve the Society for the Prevention of Crime from the perplexed situation in which my unsubstantiated accusations had placed it.

On the morning following the delivery of the discourse I visited the District Attorney at his office accompanied by my counsel Mr. Frank Moss, and presented to him for his action half a dozen excise cases which had been worked up with a good deal of care, and which had to do with offenders of a stripe that the Attorney might not care to inconvenience. I

told him that the report had of late frequently emanated from his office that he found it difficult to obtain evidence sufficient to convict violators of excise and that the Society for the Prevention of Crime would be only too glad to render him assistance. In reply the Attorney said: "Dr. Parkhurst, I refuse to have any official communication with you till you have withdrawn the falsehoods that you have spoken against me from your pulpit." "That being the case," said I, "I will ask our counsel, Mr. Moss, to confer with you in my stead."

Now just at that point was the District Attorney's opportunity. His passion got the better of his discretion. If he hadn't lost his self-control he would have replied to me in something this way,—"Notwithstanding the fact that you have lied about me yesterday and referred to me in a way that was calculated to make me ridiculous, I am nevertheless just as anxious as you are to have any existing evils corrected, and will cordially appreciate any assistance which you or your society may render." Now if he had said that, every breath of wind would have gone out of my sails. Tammany's defeat in '94 hinged on that moment. The demand was openly made that I must either substantiate my charges or be sued for libel. In prospect of a libel suit, as competent legal talent as the city could offer was immediately put at my gratuitous service.

It followed almost as matter of course that a subpœna was issued for my attendance before the grand jury. I found the atmosphere of the jury-room distinctly

uncongenial. What occurred there was more to the satisfaction of the District Attorney and the Jurors than to myself. I was in a hole deeper than that into which Joseph was thrown and without even a Midianite to extricate me. I could not swear that the Attorney lived an irregular life, that police officers were blackmailers, that the Tammany bench was tainted or that the entire Fourteenth Street organization was not a disguised branch of the Prohibition party. The exercises closed with a foreman's polite indication that further attendance on my part would not be required. I retired, cheerful but worsted.

A few days later the grand jury issued a presentment. My name was not stated in the document, but it bore on its face the indication that it was against me personally that the presentment was framed. Two paragraphs of the jury's finding were the following: "We find the author of the charges had no evidence upon which to base them, except alleged newspaper reports, which in the form published had no foundation in fact. We desire further to express our disapproval and condemnation of unfounded charges of this character, which, whatever may be the motive in uttering them, can only serve to create a feeling of unwarranted distrust in the minds of the community with regard to the integrity of public officials, and tends only to hinder the prompt administration of justice."

After the grand jury's presentment Judge Martine, who had the jury in charge, addressed it at some length. After congratulating it upon the thoroughness of its

investigation of my attack, he said in part: "It is gratifying indeed to find that your body has seen fit to make some investigation of the attack, such as was made in the public press by a certain gentleman in this community. After the first inquiry,—after the first suggestion of official inquiry,—the people came to comprehend that there was no foundation for the accusation, and it is indeed gratifying to find that after your investigation there was nothing but rumor, nothing but hearsay to base any accusation upon."

The foregoing from the grand jury and the bench was designed as a quietus and was understood to be such by city officials, by Tammany and by the public journals published in Tammany's interests.

At this juncture the situation was such that only two alternative courses were open to me: one was to drop the matter and acknowledge myself defeated; the other was to make myself able to say *"I know."* The latter would involve making a city-wide tour of personal inspection, a policy that would expose me to the gibes of the enemy and to the criticism of some of my friends. In arriving at a decision I consulted only the other two members of the executive committee of the S. P. C. and Mr. David J. Whitney, who was a fighter from away back and well versed in the wiles of our adversary. He appreciated the advantage that would accrue to me from being able to speak from personal knowledge but warned me in emphatic terms of the barbed arrows that would be shot at me if I adopted a policy so contradictory to the average sentiment of polite society.

The idea was put forth that instead of doing the

work myself the same results could be secured by the employment of paid detectives. Such a notion could be entertained only by people ignorant of the hesitant respect that is shown to the testimony of hired detectives. It has also been claimed that as a tour of personal investigation involved contact with what is disgusting I ought to have hired some one to do it for me. When the Editor of the *Times* of that date printed that idea I went to his office and asked him if he had so little respect for me as to suppose that I would pay some one else for doing what was so repulsive that I was unwilling to do it myself. He was frank enough to acknowledge that that view of the case had something to commend it.

I was obliged to use as guide a man who was familiar with the underworld. I also availed of the attendance of a member of my congregation who volunteered his services. I do not know whether he suspected all that was in my mind or how necessary to the success of my enterprise was the presence with me of a man whose known character and position in society would, under all circumstances, entitle his word and testimony to confidence. If in connection with this entire warfare there have been spoken words of invective and insinuation too dastardly to be forgiven either in this world or elsewhere, they were words that were spoken of my noble companion, Langdon Erving. Langdon had been for twenty years associated in business with the late James A. Scrymser of the Mexican Telegraph Co., who in a volume of his own authorship, says of Langdon,—"He consulted with me very fully

before offering his services to Dr. Parkhurst. Of course we both foresaw something of the tremendous sacrifice and the abhorrent notoriety which would result, but on the other hand, we realized the vital necessity for a man of the type of Mr. Erving, if Dr. Parkhurst were to accomplish the upheaval at which he aimed. The testimony of a man of unimpeachable integrity and character was invaluable; a lifelong New Yorker, a New Yorker for generations back, a man of refinement and a gentleman, such a man was Mr. Erving and his testimony was bound to succeed in the end, where the testimony of some paid detective would have had little, if any, effect upon the court and jury."

Some conception of the "tremendous sacrifice" to which Mr. Scrymser makes reference, can be inferred from the fact that in one of the court trials in which, later on, Langdon was a witness, the counsel for the defense, out of malignant desire to put him to the torture, subjected him to such a mortifying grilling that he fainted away on the witness stand.

I certainly have no purpose of reproducing here the details of those three weeks, which, in the company of Erving, and under the guidance of my detective, I spent in traversing the avenues of our municipal hell. The details have been given to the public through the press and by no journal more prolifically or with more zest than by the one that has affected the deepest anguish at the vast number of pure minds that have been sullied by the repulsive disclosures. I can only say that having once determined upon a policy of personal inspection I consistently determined to acquaint myself

with the worst thing that was to be known and seen. If it was to be done it was to be done thoroughly, or, to use the phrase employed by Judge Noah Davis a few weeks later, "If I was going to enter hell I would seek out its most hellish spot."

The attempt was made, especially by Dana's paper, to prejudice me in the public mind by charging me with persecuting the unfortunate inmates of houses of evil resort, and the police chimed in with Dana to the same purpose. Whether in spoken address or in published communications I made continuous endeavor to make it understood by the public that I was not fighting the social evil, and that my exclusive warfare was against the commercial relations which existed between the police and the keepers of those resorts, whereby the keepers by paying to the police a certain sum when they opened a house and so much per month after it was opened, could enjoy immunity from arrest.

The following incident will set the situation in clear light. One cold winter's night, with the ground deeply covered with snow, the police raided a lot of houses on 31st Street, and the girls, lightly clad, were thrown out into the snow, the police explaining their action to the girls by saying that they were proceeding according to orders received from "Old Parkhurst." Nothing could have more effectively embittered them toward me or have produced a more unfavorable impression upon the public. About forty of them trooped down to my house on 35th Street, all of them howling mad. They made a unanimous and clamorous charge of

cruelty, which Mrs. Parkhurst and myself listened to quietly till they had become exhausted and then having invited them to seat themselves, I expressed my sympathetic regret at the exposure to which they had been subjected; that I had known nothing about the affair till that moment; that Mrs. Parkhurst would presently supply them with something that would feed them if they were hungry and warm them if they were cold, and that then we would have a frank and kindly talk with them about the situation. I need not rehearse what passed between us in the way of question and answer, after they had satisfied themselves with tea and toast. It is enough to say that they went away from 35th Street loving Mrs. Parkhurst and myself as sincerely as they hated the police and the city government.

In contrast with the *Sun,* the New York *World* was a very helpful auxiliary. Its editor asked me to his office and said: "I am now beginning to understand what it is exactly you are aiming to accomplish; that it is not the social evil that you are combating, but the collusion between the police (along with the powers higher up) and the criminal classes (gamblers and keepers of houses of prostitution). I will send a reporter to your house and he can fill an entire page of the *World* with details of your work and exposition of your object and aim." The reporter's work was appreciatively done and was of great service.

SECOND SERMON

Intimation had been given that on the morning of March 13th the discourse preached in Madison Square Church would be devoted to a reply to the Grand Jury's Presentment and to Judge Martine's congratulations to the jury upon its faithful and successful investigation of my charges. On that occasion the place on the pulpit usually occupied by Bible and hymn-book was filled by a bulky package of affidavits. Preaching from the text, "The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted," I spoke in part as follows:—

"It will be well for us to come to a frank understanding with one another at the commencement of our discussion, as to the scope of our campaign. What was spoken from this pulpit four weeks ago was spoken with a distinct intent, from which we have not in the meantime swerved, whatever the obstruction and intimidation, official or otherwise, that has been launched against us, for the exclusive aim of the movement is to lay bare the iniquity that municipally neutralizes the efforts which a christian pulpit puts forth to make righteousness the law of human life individually and socially. So that I apprehend that my function as a preacher of righteousness gives me no option in the matter.

"It is important to recognize the purely moral intention of the crusade as security against its becoming complicated with considerations that stand aloof from the main point. A great many civic efforts have been

made here that have resulted in nothing, for the sufficient reason that they have been side-tracked and mortgaged to some competitive interest. Let me say then that I do not speak as a Republican or a Democrat, as a Protestant or a Catholic, as an advocate of prohibition or as an advocate of license. I am moved by the respect which I have for the Ten Commandments, and by my anxiety as a preacher of Jesus Christ, to have the law of God regnant in individual and social life; so that I antagonize our existing municipal administration because I believe that administration to be essentially corrupt and to stand in diametric resistance to all that Christ and a loyally christian pulpit represent in the world.

"Tammany Hall is not a political party but purely a business enterprise, as much so as Standard Oil or the Western Union Telegraph, and superior to any other company of which I have knowledge, in respect to the perfection of its organization. The material in which it deals and from which it draws prolific dividends, is crime and vice, such as flourish in gambling resorts, disorderly houses and corner groceries. The more material it can handle the larger its profits and therefore the policy which it steadfastly pursues is to foster crime and exercise guardianship over the criminals.

"And not only does the organization stand as the organization of crime but it embodies the tyranny of crime. There are citizens in this town abominating the whole existing system that do not dare to stand up and be counted. The most striking feature of the immense number of letters of encouragement that I have

received during the last four weeks is the large percentage written by people who did not dare to append their signatures, afraid to put into black and white over their own names, views of a government whose duty it is to foster virtue, not drive it into hiding. Let me say that it is an excellent time to speak out, an admirable opportunity for moral heroism to come to the front and assert itself. Nothing is so easily frightened as vice. 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' and they make still better time when somebody is after them.

"Men of tainted reputation cannot occupy positions of high municipal authority without that fact operating to the discouragement of virtue and the lowering of moral standards. It is a trying condition of affairs for such as are attempting to improve the moral state of our young men, to have men exalted to positions of distinguished authority against whom the most damning charge that can be made is to publish their history. A while ago the treasurer of a bank downtown, who was not even suspected of being dishonest, but whose name, through no fault of his own, had become associated with a disreputable firm, was thrown out of his position. The reason stated by the directors was that, though unanimously recognizing the integrity of the treasurer, they could not afford to jeopardize the interests of the bank by having associated with them a man that was tainted even to the slightest degree of being mentioned in connection with dishonest dealing.

"Now, that is the way you run a bank. That is the style of condition that you impose upon candidates for

positions of financial trust. But when you come to run a city, with a million and a half of people, with interests that are a great deal more than pecuniary, and a city, too, that is putting the stamp of its character or of its infamy upon every city the country through, then you can see put into positions of civic trust, men that are ex-dive-keepers and crooks and ex-convicts and men whose detailed written history would draw tremblingly near to the verge of obscene literature.

"Last Sunday while we were quietly discussing City Missions here in the church, I had a force of five detectives scattered through the town studying up City Missions. I have here on the pulpit the results of their day's work, neatly typewritten, sworn to, corroborated and subject to the call of the District Attorney. I have first the list of parties that last Sunday violated the ordinance of Sunday closing. One of these covers the East Side, and the other the West Side of town. These names are interesting, some of them particularly so; in some instances on account of their official position, in other instances because of their family connection with the powers that be.

"These lists include violations in 22 precincts. I have also here the list of places, with addresses and the number of people present in each. Then comes John Jones' sworn corroboration of John Smith's affidavit. In other words 'Legal Evidence,' which is what I understand our municipal administration is anxious to have this pulpit furnish to it. Of course I am not going to take up your time by reading the names. Only a little in the way of recapitulation, for illustration's sake.

Second Precinct, 7 saloons open, 55 people present; Fourth Precinct, 10 saloons open, 45 people present; Fourteenth Precinct, 15 saloons, 167 people present; Nineteenth Precinct (that is ours), 18 saloons open, 205 people present. In all (I do not mean all the saloons that were open, but all the open ones that our detectives happened to strike), in all, 254 saloons, 2,438 people present. They don't want 'generalities,' they want particularities. Well, there are 254 of them, not pulpit grandiloquence, nor ministerial exuberance, but hard cold affidavits. If the concerned guardians of the public peace and the anxious conservators of municipal laws want facts we will guarantee to grind them out a fresh grist every blessed week. Now, let them take vigorous hold of the material furnished above, or quit their hypocritical clamoring after specific charges.

"We have interested ourselves also in gambling-houses, of which I mention two because of the youthful character of their patrons; one near 40th Street in which were counted forty young men and another three blocks above this church where were forty-eight. More young men in either of these places than are ever seen in our church.

"Leaving the gambling-houses for the present, I must report to you what was discovered in a region of iniquity that in this presence will have to be dealt with with as much caution and delicacy as the nature of the subject will allow. I have here a list of thirty houses, names and addresses, all specified, that are simply houses of prostitution, all of them in this precinct. These thirty places were all of them visited by my

friend, or my detective, on the 10th and also on the 11th of March, and solicitations received on both dates. I spent an hour in one of these places myself, and I know perfectly well what it all means, and with what entire facility such houses can be gotten into. That house is three blocks only from the spot where I am now standing. All of this has been neatly typewritten, sworn to, corroborated, and is subject to the call of the District Attorney.

"And now, fathers and mothers, I am trying to help your sons. From the very commencement of my ministry here I confess that to be of some encouragement and assistance to young men has been my great ambition. Appeal after appeal has come to me these last four weeks, signed 'A Father' or 'A Mother,' begging me to try to do something for their dear boys. But as things are, I do declare there is not much that I can do for them. I never knew till within three weeks how almost impossible it is for a young man to be in the midst of the swim of New York City life, under present conditions, and still be temperate and clean. I had supposed that the coarse, bestial vices were fenced off from youthful contact with some show at least of police restriction. So far as I have been able to read the symptoms of the case, I don't discover the restrictions. There is little advantage in preaching the Gospel to a young fellow on Sunday if he is going to be sitting on the edge of a Tammany-maintained hell the rest of the week.

"Don't tell me I don't know what I am talking about. Many a long, dismal, heart-sickening night, in the com-

pany of two trusty friends, have I spent since I spoke on this matter before, going down into the disgusting depths of this Tammany-debauched town; and it is rotten with a rottenness that is unspeakable and indescribable, and a rottenness that would be absolutely impossible except by the connivance, not to say the purchased sympathy of the men whose one obligation before God, men, and their own conscience is to shield virtue and make vice difficult. Now that I stand by, because before Almighty God, I know it, and I will stand by it though buried beneath presentments as thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, or snowflakes in a March blizzard.

"Excuse the personal reference to myself in all this, but I cannot help it. I never dreamed that any force of circumstances would ever draw me into contacts so coarse, so beastly, so consummately filthy as those where I have repeatedly found myself in the midst of these last days. I feel as though I wanted to go out of town for a month to bleach the memory of it out of my mind and the vision of it out of my eyes.

"I am not ignorant of the colossal spasms of indignation into which the trustees of Tammany ethics have been thrown by the blunt and inelegant characterization of a month ago, and I have a clear, as well as a serene anticipation of what I have to expect from the same sources for having deliberately sought out and entered into the very presence of iniquity in its vilest shape. But the grim and desolate part of it all is that these things are all open and perfectly easily accessible. The young men, your boys, probably know that they

are. The door will be open to them and the blue-coated guardian of civic virtue will not molest them. I spent an hour in such a place yesterday morning, and when we came down the steps I almost tumbled over a policeman who appeared to be doing picket duty on the curbstone.

"To say that the police do not know what is going on and where it is going on, with all the brilliant symptoms of the character of the place distinctly in view is rot. I do not ask any one to excuse or to apologize for my language. You have got to fit your words to your theme. We do not handle charcoal with a silver ladle nor carry city garbage out to the dumping ground in a steam-yacht. Anyone who, with all the easily ascertainable facts in view, denies that drunkenness, gambling and licentiousness in this town are municipally protected, is either a knave or an idiot. Here is one of the rules and regulations of the Police Department: 'It is the duty of the Superintendent to enforce in the city of New York all the laws of the State and ordinances of the city of New York and ordinances of the Board of Health, and the rules and regulations of the Board of Police; to abate all gaming houses, rooms, and premises and places kept or used for lewd or obscene purposes, and places kept or used for the sale of lottery tickets or policies.' With the backing then of such facts legally certified to as have been presented this morning, we insist in behalf of an insulted and outraged public, that the Police Department from its top down, shall without further shift or evasion, proceed with an iron hand to close

up gambling-houses, houses of prostitution, and whiskey-shops open in illegal hours. If this is what they cannot do, let them concede the point, and give place to some one who can. If this is what they will not do, let them stand squarely on the issue and be impeached according to the provisions of the Code.

"In a closing word, voicing the righteous indignation of the pure and honest citizenship of this tyrannized municipality, let me in a representative way say to Tammany: For four weeks you have been wincing under the sting of a general indictment, and have been calling for particulars. This morning I have given you particulars, two hundred and eighty-four of them. Now, what are you going to do with them?"

Tammany Hall blackguarded me for preaching my sermon of February 14th because I indulged in generalities and spoke from hearsay, but that was not a circumstance to the way they blackguarded me for my sermon of March 13th because I gave them particulars and spoke from personal knowledge. There is difficulty in proceeding against criminals in a way that will conform to their convenience. Being of a legal mind it had seemed to me that the District Attorney would be gratified by the particularity of my legally sustained charges, but I received no intimation from him to that effect. The only comment that I heard of Police Commissioner Markine passing upon the discourse was to express regret at the effect that must have been produced upon the pure-hearted attendants at my church that morning; which indicates that all the threats, official and unofficial, that were flung at

me on the occasion of my first sermon were simply parts of one stupendous game of bluff played in order to deter me and every one else from anything more of the same kind.

The March grand jury under Henry M. Tabor, as its foreman, in session shortly after the delivery of the sermon from which I have just quoted, adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, that the District Attorney be, and hereby is requested to produce all evidence before this grand jury regarding the cases referred to by Dr. Parkhurst and his associates and society's agents and request Dr. Parkhurst and his agents to appear before this jury at the earliest practicable moment."

I took the liberty of intimating to the grand jury that I had no interest in their securing indictments against the particular houses upon which my testimony bore, and that my purpose reached further than that, viz., to the Police Department by which those houses were protected. Whether the jury was influenced by my request I cannot say but the presentment which was issued against the Police Department, extracts from which I subjoin, was exactly what I wanted, as follows:

"A large amount of testimony has been presented showing the existence and violation of law in large numbers of these places. The grand jury has indicted the proprietors of some of these places, and they have been arrested under such indictments and have pleaded. In these very cases further testimony has been presented showing that there was no abatement in these

premises of the same disorderly practices, and that there was no appearance of police interference.

"With the facts before us that these places do exist in large numbers, that they are well known to the police, that their locations and special lines of business are recorded by the Department, and that very particular and express duties are imposed by law upon the police to inspect and repress these places (Section 282) and that extraordinary powers of breaking into houses without previous application for judicial warrants are allowed to the police in order that they may perform such duties (Section 285) and with the fact that has plainly appeared to us that the police seldom use these powers, or even apply to magistrates for warrants to carry out their legal duties, there are presented to us the best reasons for condemning the inaction of the Police Department in these matters. They are either incompetent to do what is frequently done by private individuals with imperfect facilities for such work, or else there exist reasons and motives for such inaction which are illegal and corrupt. The general efficiency of the Department is so great that it is our belief that the latter suggestion is the explanation of the peculiar inactivity.

"Indeed the publicity with which the law is violated and the immunity from arrest enjoyed by the lawbreaker is inconsistent with any other theory. It is obvious that when a confession by a lawbreaker of payment for protection would subject him to penalties not only for his acknowledged crime but also for bribe-giving, it is extremely difficult to collect trustworthy

evidence in direct proof of such charges. It has been thought best at the present time to go no further than to make this general presentment, so that the courts and the residents of our city may be properly informed and warned against the dangerous evil that is in the midst of us.

"The foregoing was unanimously adopted.

HENRY M. TABOR, *Foreman,*
Grand Jury Room, March 31st, 1892."

Public sentiment was very considerably affected by the grand jury's condemnation of the Police Department, as was manifested, for instance, by an invitation to speak in Washington which was signed by the pastor of the Church of the Covenant in that city, Justice William Strong, Honorable H. L. Dawes, John Wanamaker and S. B. Elkins. I began to feel that I was becoming respectable. President Rankin of Howard University presided on the occasion, and in the course of his introductory remarks said: "What Dr. Parkhurst has done for New York he has not done for New York alone. He has done it for Washington and Chicago and every other great city on this continent. If there is any shame in the act, we christian citizens of this capital city of the nation wish by our presence here to participate in that shame. When a thing ought to be done, it must be done in the only manner in which it can be done. There is no inconsistency between the scourge of small cords for the back of the tempter, and the tender words, 'Neither do I condemn thee' for the ear of the broken-hearted penitent. The

Lion of the tribe of Judah is the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world."

Mention should be made of the mass meeting held in Cooper Union Hall in June, '92. It rather marked the turning of the tide and was the first popular expression of sympathy. I must include an extract from the address given by ex-Judge Noah Davis. The judge, whose participation in the breaking of the Tweed Ring made his interest in the present cause so natural and so gratifying, was enthusiastically greeted. He said in part: "You have come here to answer the question whether or not your boys shall be brought up in the midst of officially protected crime. If you say that that shall not be done, you can only say it just now by your applause, but later, by your hearty devotion to those who have courage to pluck aside the curtain and show just where we live, and what we are, and what is around us. Most men tell us that the President of this Society should never have done what he has done; that a minister of the Gospel should spend his whole life persuading mankind to make some atonement for the sin of Adam; that he should let all modern Adams alone; that he should preach upon the old line, 'In Adam's fall we sinned all.' I make no pretensions to fighting Adam myself, but if I had been brought face to face with the situation that confronted Dr. Parkhurst, if my charges had been denied, if a district attorney had laughed at me, if a grand jury had pointed the finger of scorn at me, I would have dived to the bottom of hell, if need be, to prove that I had spoken the truth. If there be clergymen in this

country or this city or anywhere, who say they could not have gone through such a thing, all I have to say is that they know more about themselves than I know. By that I mean only just what you think I mean."

The Cooper Union meeting was suggested and arranged for by Mr. James A. Scrymser, who threw himself into the cause at an opportune moment. I cannot speak too highly of his wise and effective coöperation. His influence with the leaders of the press was the means of securing the support of the *Mail and Express,* the *Post* and *Herald,* and also the City Club.

In connection with him I should pay my grateful respects to the memory of Charles Stewart Smith. We came into very close relations with each other. Before I had known of his particular interest in the movement he called upon me one morning and said,—"Doctor, I am going to take off my coat and enter into the fight, even if it takes five years off of my life." The association with such men as I am mentioning,—and there was a host of them,—was one bright feature in my two years of otherwise disagreeable experience.

Until the movement was well under way the churchly element of the population showed a distinctly retiring disposition, with a distinguished exception in the person of Bishop Potter, who was with me from the first and declared his sympathy in so public a way as to leave no uncertainty as to his attitude. When the New York Presbytery had a session to discuss the question as to what that body should think of me, Henry Van Dyke rose and said,—"I do not think the real ques-

tion is what we think of the Doctor, but what the Doctor is going to think of us?"

It is useless to undertake any detailed account of the activities of the months following. Whether we won our cases in court or lost them, the matter was kept constantly in the air. I addressed grilling letters to Byrnes, Superintendent of Police, and he grilled me in return. The newspapers were kept well supplied with material, and they used it faithfully. When Judge —— charged me with keeping a detective on Byrnes I replied that, if I chose, I should keep a detective on the Judge himself; that that is what detectives are for. All such matter kept the fire burning. And so I hasten to the determinative part taken by the Chamber of Commerce.

The action taken by the Chamber of Commerce was in part due to our failure to secure the conviction of Captain Devery. Devery was about as thoroughly developed a product of the Tammany system as we ran against in all our encounters and in consequence he received from us an exceptional amount of attention. He was not lacking in a certain kind of genius but it all ran on depraved lines. His precinct was an open advertisement of his character and we made an analytic study of it to use in dealing with him. We succeeded in having the grand jury indict him, but the trial jury that he was brought before was of a complexion favorable to Devery's interests and we were defeated.

The defeat, however, as had frequently happened before, worked to our advantage, for his own dis-

reputable character and that of his precinct had been so widely published that the public felt itself outraged by the acquittal and realized that no reliance could be put upon the courts for the purification of the Police Department. Among other results was action on the part of the Chamber of Commerce.

At the meeting of the Chamber January 25th, 1894, Mr. Augustus H. Schwab presented three resolutions of which the third was adopted; which read: "Resolved, That in the opinion of this Chamber there should be a thorough legislative investigation of the Police Department before any radical change is made in its administration."

In response to this action of the Chamber and in compliance with the earnest sentiment prevailing in this city a resolution authorizing such investigation was introduced into the Senate by Senator Clarence Lexow.

This resolution was adopted and a committee of seven members appointed to carry it into effect. Of this committee Clarence Lexow was chairman.

It should be stated at this point that the Society for the Prevention of Crime was not altogether sympathetic with this movement. Nor,—as will appear later on,—was its hesitancy altogether without justification. When we put a matter into the hands of politicians we do not know exactly where it is or whether we shall ever see it again. The total result of most investigation is the pecuniary indemnification of the investigators for their fruitless waste of time.

The following telegram was received here almost immediately after the names of the Investigating

Committee were announced, indicating their readiness to undertake their work, or at least their curiosity to come down and inspect our work:—"Senate Committee to Investigate Police Department of New York will meet at the Hotel Metropole, Friday evening at four o'clock. Like to have you present, and ready to suggest names of counsel to conduct the investigation, from which the Committee may make its selection. We will be ready to hear testimony Saturday at ten A.M.—CLARENCE LEXOW, *Chairman.*"

The Committee made their first appearance in town on the evening of February 2nd, and convened in the parlor of the Hotel Metropole, a number of gentlemen interested in the investigation,—among others Messrs. Charles Stewart Smith, Darwin R. James, Gustav Schwab, and myself,—being admitted to the conference. Probably none of us ever attended a gathering so critical in its character that was so absolutely uninteresting and hopeless. After the Committee had disposed themselves and been called to order by Mr. Lexow, the Chairman stated that they were a Senatorial Committee of Investigation and that they were now present in their judicial capacity and called upon Mr. Smith as representative of the Chamber which had requested the investigation to state his case. Mr. Smith courteously replied that he had no case, but supposed the Committee had come down to make one. The Senators gave quiet token of a sense of rebuff and of having their feelings crumpled. "Then certainly Dr. Parkhurst has a case?" said Chairman Lexow. With possibly less urbanity than had been exhibited by

Mr. Smith I replied not only that I had no case, but that I had serious misgivings as to the wisdom of their coming down to New York anyway.

Up to that time the Senators had had not the slightest inkling or suspicion of what they had come down for. They had heard a good deal about the fault that some of us had been finding with the police force, and they imagined that all they had to do was to put in two days a week for the next three weeks (or till the 20th of February) sizing up the researches of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. In other words, they had come down not to investigate the Police Department, but to investigate our investigation of it. At a late hour the Committee adjourned in a distinctly interrogative frame of mind.

The session held the day following was of the same general complexion only rather more so. Clear intimations of distrust were expressed by some of us, and the Committee was politely reminded that there had been a previous committee sent down from Albany on a similar errand and that when the inquisition began to grow interesting, the committee was "called off." We ventured to suggest whether there was any danger of history repeating itself. We none of us wanted to show any disrespect to our visiting statesmen, but we had scruples against so far committing ourselves to the senatorial wave as to run the risk of being swamped if the tide should happen to go out to sea. We knew we had been working two years in accomplishing what little we had, and that it would take these seven Senators, many of them from a remote part of

the State, and as ignorant of the details of the situation as though they had been born on the Pacific Slope, a good deal more than the eighteen days within which time by the terms of the Senate's resolution, they were to be prepared to make their report. We also seriously questioned whether any representatives from an Albany legislature could be trusted to bring in a report adverse to Tammany.

Then there was the critical question as to who should serve the Lexow Committee as counsel. The Committee had up their sleeve as counsel a man from Western New York who knew no more about the case than the Committee did, and he was actually set to work. We had our own man for the position, John W. Goff, and it was only as result of severe pressure upon him that we succeeded in inducing him to take the place and only by some adroit work on our part that we got him established in the position in place of the adviser desired by the Committee. We knew the man, and knew also that once he secured his grip upon the investigation there would be no shaking him off and that the results aimed at by us (not by the Lexow Committee) would be achieved and they were, to the distinguished credit of Mr. Goff and to the triumph of our cause.

The details of the investigation, which continued for a year, and which fill several volumes, I have no intention even to recapitulate. It is sufficient to say that it was Mr. Goff and his associates, working under the auspices of the Lexow Committee (which in time became disciplined to a receptive attitude of mind) that put the cap-sheaf to the efforts of the two previous

years, triumphantly demonstrated the truth of all and more than all the charges which I had urged against the Fourteenth Street organization, and so deeply impressed the popular mind that minor considerations passed out of view, and the intelligent conscience of an aroused municipality accomplished the nomination and election of a Mayor who owed no fealty to Tammany Hall and was free to achieve the best interests of the municipality.

Part II

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS

It is an education in itself to come in contact, as I have for sixty years, with the events of thoughtful and stirring times, and with men of all classes who were involved in those events, or at any rate more or less interestedly concerned in them. A few out of the many reactions which such contact has effected in my own mind seem properly to have a place in my autobiography.

Words do not admit of being more than a tentative expression of idea; and the longer they are, especially if they are of classic origin, the greater the variety of idea which they may be employed to convey. That is one of the difficulties which prosecutors encounter in trials for heresy. Out of this ambiguity of language has grown the following article entitled,

1.

AM I A TRINITARIAN?

One reason for supposing that I am, is that I have always called myself such. My father was, and as he was a man of decided views and in whose views upon all matters I had implicit confidence, I accepted his theological opinions along with the rest; at any rate I accepted the phrases in which he embodied his opinions and this one of the Trinity along with others.

He considered that his position upon all matters of religious conviction was the absolute truth, so that for me to vary from them or from any one of them, would

have been to put myself in a relation of antagonism to him, which would have created an unpleasant situation both for him and for myself. I suppose that if with the same conviction and determination of mind he had been a Unitarian I should have been a Unitarian, and if I had entered the ministry under those conditions should have been pastor of a Unitarian church. I am simply supposing the same outworking of influences that we regularly discover in other cases.

When I became old enough to attend church I listened of course to Trinitarian doctrine, which was, naturally enough, the same as my father's doctrine and therefore drove still further home the paternal inheritance of which I was already in possession. Then when I was still further advanced in powers of comprehension I was put upon the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism, which was called "Shorter Catechism" because there was another catechism emanating from the same source that was even longer.

It is a wonderful document, and bound to be considered as such whatever may be the theological position of the one contemplating it, and was impressively confirmatory of what I had acquired from my father and listened to from the pulpit. As was said to me by one who took exception to some positions taken in it, "It is nevertheless a good thing to have in the system." It is a masculine production. It handles doctrines, even incomprehensible doctrines, with masterliness of intelligence. I might say that that and the American Constitution are the two greatest documents that have been humanly produced. Although its authors were dealing

with many matters which of course they could not understand, those matters were nevertheless handled with a breadth of phraseology which disguised its necessary incompetency. So that the reader and student of the catechism, by familiarizing himself with its contents, acquired an enlargement rather than a contraction of views upon celestial and divine things.

If valid Trinitarianism however carries with it the doctrine of three persons in the Godhead, I am not a Trinitarian, for I am a rigid Monotheist and in no sense a polytheist. One God, recognized as distinctly and unqualifiedly one, is all that my theology will bear; and that one God must be something essentially distinct from a summary of three fractional Gods, one holding one office, another another office and a third functioning in a way different from that of the other two. The unity of his infinite personality must be in all that he is and in all that he does. Otherwise his unity is a compromise with polytheism, and compromise under such conditions is fatal. I would surrender all claim to being a Trinitarian if in order to be such I had to accept a modified conception of God's unqualified and absolute personal oneness. Only upon such bedrock would I found my work as a preacher or my experience as a believer.

The strain of the situation is particularly felt when we come to deal with the Christ. I never taught, nor have I ever thought of teaching, that Christ was God. "No man hath seen God at any time!" I accept that as final. That is not saying that God was not in Christ. Whether he was in him in a way different from that in

which he is in others, some others, I do not know. I have not the means of knowing. I like to think that he was. His life seems to imply as much, but not that he was in him in a way that involved any divine duality or twofold personality.

Of course I never preached that Christ was God. I never went beyond saying that Christ interpreted God to the human consciousness. My preaching for forty years consisted to a considerable extent in what I said, and to another considerable extent in what I did not say. Webster said "I do not pretend to discuss the arithmetic of God." There are some matters that are confused by the attempt to clarify them. In the presence of infinity the intricacies and fine manipulations of human thought are an intrusion. They are presumptuous even in a school of theology, ridiculous when indulged in before a congregation. Religion and man's philosophy of religion are only very distantly related. A reality may be simple enough to the heart even while remaining inexplicable to the mind. In the presence of the entire world's profundity of mind it still remains true that "Out of the heart are the issues of life." God has in some way so humanized himself in Christ that we are not put to the task of solving the underlying problem of Deity.

Our Bible is one volume,—not two,—from Genesis to Revelations. It is divided into two chapters of one book. It is revelation coming from one source and in its two portions adjusted to successive conditions of the race and to two successive necessities in the indi-

vidual man. The fact that the Gospel is of considerably later date has led to the unfortunate

2.

UNDERVALUATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

The Bible is one, given us in two parts, which follow in the order of time and in the course of human development; essentially a unit however, and to be practically treated as such, if the combined whole is to accomplish for the individual and for society the purpose for which it was intended. Each of the two sections stands by itself, but at the same time receives reënforcement from the other and conveys reënforcement to the other.

The fundamental note of the older Scripture is man's obligation to the One God. It is a volume of law, the proclamation of divine will. There are in it scanty references to love, whether God's love or man's love,—matter which is in the main deferred to a more appropriate season. This portion of the Bible may not be fitted to produce character of so delicate and gracious a type as is afforded under influences that are less strenuous, although there are exceptional personages, with biographical details recorded in the early pages of Scripture, who seem to have lived beyond their own time and to have anticipated some aspects of truth whose full realization came later.

Those who yielded themselves to the discipline of the Hebrew Scriptures learned the lesson of subjection to guaranteed authority. It is a hard lesson, but is as fundamental as it is hard. Deep establishment is the first step in every line of construction. Foundation is

expensive and it is not winsome. In house-building it is placed out of sight and the heavier the superstructure that it is to carry the lower the foundation requires to be laid.

There is an analogy between the building of a house and the building of a man, which speaks with effect to those that will listen. The substructure gives stability and nerve to the entire superstructure and even to the architectural delicacies which the superstructure comprises. Even beauty must repose upon a basis of solidity or it fails of being beautiful.

All bodies lying upon the surface of the ground are held fast by the grip of gravity. They are safe where they are because they are captives. Captivity is the normal condition of things and it is the normal condition of man. Adam's first recorded act was to break with God. He had not lived long enough to realize that independence is not the genius of liberty, and that liberty at its best is guaranteed only by subordination. That doctrine is luminously conveyed to us by observing the systematized activity of the starry heavens, the great original Bible; and the same doctrine is the burden of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Against that doctrine, and the authority which it represents, man's nature is in constitutional revolt. A man is as reluctant to obey God as a child is reluctant to obey its father. So long as that condition continues we cannot cease printing the Old Testament, nor discontinue fashioning our character into conformity with its obligations.

This is in part the reason for the Old Testa-

ment's unpopularity. It would prove a wonderfully interesting and fascinating volume did it not so constantly trespass upon the domains of individual autonomy. We are jealous of God because his prepossession of Godhood compels us to kneel instead of allowing us to be enthroned. We are chafed by what we are pleased to consider the contractedness of our situation. We are irked by the indisputable fact that there is room in the universe for only One Supreme. Like wild animals we pluck at the bars of our cage. All of which is our various way of expressing our natural aversion to being controlled by any will but our own,—a situation that is made more trying by the fact that the will is among the most conspicuous elements of our nature and the one in which our ingrained militancy is particularly concentrated. It has to be allowed that the condition in which we find ourselves is not an easy one. The Lord knows it is not. We are possessed of a simply magnificent will-power but are severely restricted in our use of it. The possession of will endows us with a kind of magistracy, but a magistracy which, like the judgeship of an inferior court, can exercise itself only within a restricted range.

Law precedes Gospel in the education of the race, and as naturally in the education of the individual. If it is claimed that obedience will easily follow as the fruit of affection while will remains obstinate unless softened by affection, there is this immediate reply, that law has its own independent claims quite apart from every other consideration. Obedience is the great basal feature of character and is not to be relegated

to a second place by being brought in in the wake of some other feature. Obedience is an original premise, not the conclusion derived from a syllogism. A system of law constitutes the framework along whose perpendicular and horizontal lines the entire fabric of material and immaterial things is constructed. Disregard of that fact is the secret of all the confusion and conflict that compose the history of the world and of every individual in it. It is the sum and substance of everything that we call sin.

Were every law obeyed, were every prayer, that God's will may be done, respected even by those who offer the prayer, a very considerable amount of the world's friction would be already eliminated. Failure to accept a Will other than our own and above our own, is what prevents the machinery of the human world from running with the frictionless harmony of the stellar world. There are no collisions in the sky because every star does what it was divinely intended to do and describes the orbit that was from eternity appointed for it.

Obedience as emphasized and celebrated in the Old Testament needs to stand out as marking a personal attitude distinct from all other relations that enter into the bearing of the individual. Until it is viewed in its own distinctive character, and appreciated in its own immense import, combining it with other features of personality, however excellent in themselves, will have the same confused effect as would the attempt to carry along at the same time the laying of the foundation of a building and the construction of what is to

be placed upon it. That was made more distinct to the young people fifty years ago than it is now. In dealing with them the entire matter was made to hinge upon the narrow but vital question as to whether they were going to be God's man or their own man, whether they were going to give their heart to God or to keep it. In other words it was a distinct question of surrender. No person of any maturity whether young or old fails to appreciate the sharpness of the distinction between the two alternatives, and that sharpness of distinction becomes most clear when held most apart from every side consideration of either love or penalty.

I had a young man in my first parish that I felt would make a great christian if he could be brought to the point of self-surrender. He was such sort of person that many who have never dealt with themselves analytically would have said that he was quite well as he was. I asked him to call upon me with reference to uniting with the church. He replied that he had no interest in the church. Nevertheless I prevailed upon him to call. I talked with him frankly and gently pressed upon him the obligation to put himself in obedient relations to God. He granted the propriety of such an act but said: "I cannot bend. I never have and I cannot do so now." I suggested that we kneel together and seek God's aid. "That would be bending and I am not going to bend." I said nothing about the love of God and nothing about the peril of going through life impenitent. I wanted that his thought should continue to rest just where I knew it was resting, on the single point that his relation to God carried

in it an inevitable obligation; that he belonged to God whether he acknowledged it or not, that laws existed for the purpose of being obeyed, and that if he disregarded such laws he was an outlaw. These matters are so serious that they need to be presented with utmost clarity, and the inevitableness of moral obligation placed on its own grounds unmixed with considerations that lie off from the main point. It is pleasant to be able to add that within two weeks he yielded unconditionally.

Standing in an external relation to God's universal kingdom and then coming from that to an internal relation, is as definite and practical a movement as changing one's citizenship from Italy to the United States or, which is a better illustration, withdrawing from the fellowship of the criminal classes and becoming a faithful subject of government. There is nothing peculiarly mysterious about it. It waits on the deliberate action of human mind and will. It is simply a question to decide. No special play of emotion is called for. Tears only complicate the situation, for they saturate the mechanism of thought, which runs more accurately when dry. Undisciplined passion is normally attended by a reactionary chill, and what such passion will produce, such chill can be expected to consume.

God, considered as sovereign in his kingdom, with a will that imposes itself upon everything within the compass of that kingdom, is expressed, but less definitely, in the New Testament. Christ is the revelation of God's love, but one will never bring away from the

Gospel such sense of God in the kingliness of his character, in the limitless breadth of his realm, in the awfulness of his sovereignty and in the solemn directness with which that sovereignty touches down upon every object material or human within the scope of that kingdom, as discloses itself in the Old Bible of the Hebrews.

It is the lack of an overmastering sense of the absolute Deity, considered as an immediate reality, that in part, at any rate, explains the decrepitude and the invalidism of much of what passes as current religion. It accounts for the reign of the spirit of worldliness that distinguishes hosts of people who will periodically celebrate the sacrament of God's love, but who, between two successive celebrations, are undistinguishable from the general mass of those who are victims of "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life."

The foregoing paragraph is in no wise intended as preachment. It is only adduced in justification of my proposition, that it requires Old Testament as well as New to constitute our Bible, and that the New, taken apart from the Old, gives us but a part of God, and is an instance of superstructure reared without regard to preliminary substructure. The exception which is taken to the sterner and more serious aspect of Bible truth is a confession of willingness to take up with an imperfect religion if it can be had at less personal expense.

The serious purpose which the pulpit is assumed to subserve renders important a clear and just understanding of what constitutes

3.

FITNESS FOR THE MINISTRY

As the church is the organized body of christian believers, and the ministry the recognized representative of the church, it becomes a question of widely practical concern under what form of discipline the ministry can best become equipped for service. It is unnecessary to say that, as in all the professions, equipment is to be determined by function. Now the function of the ministry is prophecy, understanding by prophecy taking of the things of God and showing them to men. There is involved therefore the possession by the minister of a twofold knowledge, the knowledge of God for whom he speaks, and the understanding of men to whom he speaks. So far the matter with which I have now to deal is clear.

Agnostic tendencies evidently bar a man from the ministry. He is also barred whose only knowledge of God is borrowed knowledge, which, accurately speaking, cannot be designated as knowledge at all. Merely to proclaim some one's else religious opinion is not the office of a prophet and will not accomplish prophetic results. Ahab feared Elijah because he felt that he had ground for believing that Elijah was in the Lord's confidence. To stand in the pulpit and to be experimentally qualified to say "Thus saith the Lord" is one thing. To stand there and be able to go no further than to quote some one's else prophetic announcement is a distinct thing, and between the two there is no vital connection.

Peter was constituted a prophet by being able to say,—"We were eye-witnesses of his majesty. His voice which came from heaven we heard when we were with him in the holy mount." Judging from Scripture such words as suppose, conclude, suspect, imagine, infer, were not comprised in Apostolic vocabulary. The word "know" was there and it was there emphatically, and is thickly scattered through the entire New Testament narrative. The Bible is the record of Hebrew experience of God. Another Bible, or a second edition of the New Testament, might now be issued that should also contain a history of Gentile experience of God. And its issue would be attended with this advantage, that certain questioning souls would be persuaded that Christianity as it is set forth in our present Bible is something more than a relic.

Unless we are prepared to sacrifice the profoundest significance of both the Old and New Testaments, we have to concede that while in all the history therein recorded there may have been only one scene of exactly the character of the one referred to in the previous paragraph, yet the instances run into the high figures of celestial disclosures where, in one form or another, men have consciously walked upon ground made bright by a heavenly illumination and have consciously experienced the impulse conveyed by the entrance into them of suggestions borne in from divine sources. And it is that that has constituted the definiteness of their purpose and the stability of their assurances.

We walk by faith, but not by an unsupported faith. In no range of life's experience do we take anything

absolutely on trust. Faith is a producing factor only according to the amount of knowledge that underlies it. We cannot reasonably believe except so far as we have grounds for our belief. Timothy wrote "I *know* whom I have believed." And so Christ says,—"We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." And only by that token was he able to maintain a career in which there was no misgiving, no fluctuations of feeling or thought; or able so to impress himself upon those with whom he dealt as to lay the foundations of a christian history.

With very special pertinency does this apply to a prophetic ministry. Moses could maintain himself in steadiness of demeanor and of action in the midst of all the antagonisms and embarrassments of his captaincy of the Hebrew people, and he could maintain himself there for forty years, because for forty days,—one day for each year,—he had tarried with God in the heights. Stability cannot be extemporized, but requires to have something beneath it to make it stable. Elisha in the troublous times of King Ahab, could address that vicious old monarch with a clarion note of prophetic denunciation because he could say to Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, *before whom I stand,*" consciously charged with the secrets of the divine mind and purpose; consciously commissioned to an authoritative vicegerency.

So of John the Baptist. So of this same Peter, unstable by nature, but wrought into ruggedness by what had dropped into his soul from above, his eyes still bright with the light that years before had glorified

the holy mount, and, as he tells us, with the divine voice still sounding in his ears, the voice that he had himself heard, and whose persuasion was with him irrefutable argument clear out to the day of his martyrdom. St. Paul also tells us that he had seen a great light while on his way to Damascus, and also that on another occasion he was caught up into the third heaven and listened to words that were possible to be heard but impossible for him to utter. Still more significant, and more pertinent to our immediate interest is his statement that it was by personal revelation from God that was conveyed to him the truth which he was commissioned to publish to the Gentile world.

As no man's preaching ever did so much for the world as Paul's preaching and as the material of his preaching was direct quotation from the mind of God, there is something in these two facts taken in conjunction that ought to lie heavily upon the minds of those everywhere that are occupied in preparing men for the ministry; that is to say in furnishing the church with prophets that shall take of the things of God and show them to men.

There is no suggestion of hearsay in what Paul says. He never has to quote. If he touches upon the realities of the world invisible we feel, in reading him, that at the very moment when he was writing, his eye was wide open to the realities of that world, and sensitively filled with them. It never occurs to us that he was doing into words of his own some report of unseen realities that another had loaned to him or otherwise made over to him. His own impassioned thought touches the

object it describes, the truths it relates. There is no suggestion of inference in what he declares. He does not say "This is true-major premise,—and that is true-minor premise,—*therefore* something else is true." There are with him no therefores. Realities stand out to his eye in their own light in the light of God.

Paul tells the Galatians that the Gospel that he preaches to them is not something that he learned at school, and went onto the platform with it or into the pulpit with it.

Now whether there is all in this that the facts as stated by Paul would seem to indicate, others can judge as well as I. But Paul was a tremendous preacher. The effect of what he spoke or wrote has lasted to this day. And what he spoke or wrote he says he obtained first-hand from God, and also that he kept away from the pillars of the church. If he labored under an hallucination as to the source of his doctrines, that hallucination so far forth compromises his doctrines. If there was no hallucination then the divine mind is definitely and openly accessible; and in a purely practical point of view the one from whom Paul acquired his knowledge of truth, and by whom Moses and Peter and the rest were made able to take of the things of God and show them to man, is still the predominant means of successfully equipping for the exercises of the prophetic function.

It would seem that Seminary professors believe that God is not as willing to disclose his mind to intending prophets now as in the old days; that the only way in which they can be produced now is by replacing divine

inspiration by advanced scholarship, and that intense human thinking, if sufficiently intense, will take the place of God's revelation, it being understood however that the classroom process is conducted in a spiritualized atmosphere.

As already stated, the prophet in order to the exercise of his office, must be possessed of a two-fold knowledge, knowledge of God whom he speaks for and understanding of men whom he speaks to. I question if advanced scholarship contributes to either of those two results. I am sure that protracted study tends to alienate the student from people and to discourage sympathy with them, rather than to draw him into close and effective relations with them. And I also believe that protracted study pursued with a view to the accumulation of knowledge along the line of whatever science, secular or religious, does not induce that relation on the part of the student to either God or man that fosters a love for ministerial service. Some years ago, I was set ruminating upon this matter by what was told me by an officer,—not a professor,—of one of our representative theological seminaries. He went with me over the list of seminary graduates to whom by virtue of their exceptional scholarly attainments, had been accorded the privilege of two years of gratuitous study abroad. Although they had entered the seminary with the intention of becoming preachers, only a very limited percentage of them entered upon ministerial service upon their return.

Now I perfectly understand from my own experience the psychology of the fact thus stated. I know

that President Seelye of Amherst, as related on another page, simply thrust me into the ministry for the purpose of undoing the drying and unsocializing effects of study that was being prolonged with a view to aggrandizing my intellectual possessions. The passion for knowledge grows with the accumulation of knowledge, just as the money passion grows with the accumulation of money; and one passion equally with the other, can separate a man from God and from one's own fellows with both of whom one needs to stand in the very closest sympathetic relation in order to be a prophet.

I write this although knowing that many seminaries are giving extended courses with a view to granting the Ph.D., but I also know that a great many of our brightest University and Seminary graduates are not in our pulpits. We know that Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, but that was prior to his call to the ministry.

The idea expressed by the word "Theology" should never be contemplated with a critical spirit, any more than what is denoted by such terms as Astronomy and Geology. Theology is a science and like all science is worthy of intellectual respect. The proper application of the word I have tried to indicate in what I here say about

4.

THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY

I studied very little theology before I commenced preaching, and what I have since acquired has come less from consulting prescribed text-books than from my study of the Bible and from my attempt to match

Bible truth to human necessities. St. Paul set an example in that matter and the large place which he has filled in ecclesiastical life and activity seemed to render his example one that it would be prudent to follow. I think I have been able to do better work by preaching truth as I personally experienced it than by preaching it as I have learned that some one else has experienced it. Preaching should be colored by the personality of the preacher. That was the case with all the thinking and speaking that is recorded in Scripture.

The unsystematized character of what I venture to call my theology has sometimes placed me in an awkward position, when on three occasions I have been subjected to the ordeal of a theological examination. Otherwise I have gotten along quite comfortably and with a measure of success. I inherited a strain of conservatism from my father and that inheritance has stood me in good stead in preventing my deviation from lines of orthodoxy and from becoming offensively heretical.

So long as I was in the Congregational Church it was plain sailing, for in that body each church is a law to itself: so that if I was in doctrinal peace with my own people (which was not difficult) there was nothing to be feared from any other source. In so Presbyterial a place as New York City a preacher encounters a somewhat different atmosphere although the church which I served there was so infected (to use the term sometimes applied to us) with Congregationalism that my pulpit was as free as my previous one.

In the meantime there has been, I should say, re-

laxation from dogmatic strenuousness that has brought Presbyterianism pretty nearly to a level with Congregationalism, except in the matter of church government. Which is to claim that the Presbyterian pulpit in New York City has become more religious and less dogmatic.

It needs to be understood that a man's theology is no criterion of his piety. Theology is religion reduced to a form of thought. It is the science of divine things and no more brings a man to God than the science of astronomy carries a man to the stars. It is significant that there are many students who have entered a theological seminary with a view to becoming preachers of the Gospel but who, upon graduating, have adopted another line of service.

Too much, however, cannot be said in behalf of theological study considered as means of intellectual gymnastics. A thorough course of Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism is worth more than so much Greek or Calculus considered as mental training. We are told that Rufus Choate employed it in the discipline of his law students. I remember the time when I could ask and answer, without a book, its hundred and more questions. It engages the mind with immense problems. It puts tremendous strain upon the faculty of thought and reason. But it does not constitute piety. It is no synonym with religious experience. There is nothing to indicate that it made Choate's law students more godly or that he used the catechism with them for that purpose.

While theology does not produce godliness, godli-

ness produces the best kind of theology. The text for that is, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him"; the knowledge of God the product of holy loyalty. The late Horace Bushnell was a good man, but he had in his congregation a man a good deal holier than he in the shape of an old cobbler, to whom he resorted for the solution of puzzling biblical problems. The proverb is a familiar one that "to have prayed well is to have studied well." The proverb cannot be reversed so as to read, "to have studied well is to have prayed well." I have seen students that I knew studied well but in all likelihood never prayed at all.

Why do we reduce our theological estimates to the form of a written creed? Principally, I think, because we hold them with so loose a tenure—many of them—that we require some objective expression of them to keep them from getting away from us. That they require such reënforcement is unpleasantly suggestive. If they mean so little to us that we need some system of mnemonics to keep them in mind they certainly do not mean enough to us to exert upon our character and life that influence which alone possesses a doctrine with practical value. We never make our home or our father or mother subject of credal statement. What we think of them is so intimately an element of our experience that no auxiliary reminder is required.

It appears to me, also, that the habitual introduction into a devotional service of a concerted repetition of a written creed approaches very near to the comical. An approximate parallel to which would be, for four little children to compose the ideas they entertain of their

father and mother and by the weekly or monthly concerted recitation of those ideas in the parental presence to testify to their filial devotion. If my connection had been with churches where the ritualistic features of worship had been in vogue I might be differently impressed, or if upon my occasional attendance upon such services the ritualistic features had not been rendered in a way more suggestive of the habitual than of the devotional. Perhaps it is all explained by my not having had cultivated in me a ritualistic appreciation.

One point more. The soundness of one's creed cannot be taken as measure of the soundness of one's piety. We have it intimated in Scripture that even the devils are sound believers. The value of any article of one's faith is proportioned only to the weight of practical influence exerted by that article. If, for example, I say I believe in the immortality of the soul, and yet live as though the life here were the only life, I thereby convict myself of being an unbeliever in the doctrine, even though it be written in my scheme of faith and I every day repeat the Apostles' Creed in which that doctrine is stated. Much of the emphasis laid upon creed should be shifted and laid upon experience. The man himself is his only title to a place among the saints. One defect in universal need of being corrected is that of estimating character by fictitious criteria.

When we return to the original simplicity of the Church, we shall in several respects modify existing forms and methods. For example, we shall then lay more stress upon truth and less upon the forms of

truth. We shall feel our immediate relation to every one bearing the name of Christ, whoever and wherever he may be, as is already the case inside of the Roman Catholic Church; thus producing a sense of Christian unity quite impossible so long as we adhere to the unapostolic feature of

5.

DENOMINATIONALISM

If the Church is to accomplish its divinely appointed task of securing the refinement and general uplift of society and the State—in other words, achieving the control of the world and of human history—it will require to substitute affirmation for negation, to put spirituality before intellectuality, to throw off every obstruction and burden that tends to embarrass its activity, and when it does the latter it will proceed to rid itself of denominationalism.

Denominationalism is a divisive emphasis laid upon matters that are alien to the genius of the Church. By burdening the Church it retards its progress, complicating it with interests that are foreign to churchly nature and purposes. It is going into battle—for the Church is the Lord's army—with each soldier carrying in his pack—already pretty heavy—some article that has no relation to the transactions of the battle-field.

Denominationalism has been for so long a time an established feature of church existence that it has come to be regarded as a necessary element, although it is always accepted as special evidence of the working of God's spirit when two churches, differing denomina-

tionally, merge themselves in a single body; and although a denomination which is reluctant so to merge itself with other denominations may be quite ready and deeply concerned to have other denominations merge themselves with *it*. All of which is a sly indication that in matters as serious as the one we are now considering we can commend and advertise one principle while living by another.

As early as the lifetime of St. Paul the Christians were seized by a passion for divisive organization. Organizing an idea tends to create a draft upon its vitality and tends to the multiplication of machinery at the expense of efficiency. Mechanics is wiser than ecclesiasticism and proceeds upon the theory of a minimum of machinery in order to a maximum of available power.

It is related in a recent issue of one of our magazines that a certain scheme having been devised that promised to prove to the advantage of mankind, it was laid before the devil with a view to obtaining his judgment upon it. The devil appreciated its possibilities of public advantage, and in evident disturbance of mind inquired what was to be done with it; and was told that it was to be organized. He smiled a sly devilish smile and said, "Then I'll not worry about it."

What St. Paul writes to the church at Corinth indicates that already cleavage lines were developing in the compact body of the church and that already three denominations were in process of organization, a condition to which he administered a sharp rebuke, basing it on the principle that the interpolation of an inter-

mediary between a body of Christians and their Lord operates to obscure and enfeeble the directness of their relation to their Lord.

That was good philosophy then and it is the same now. And whether it be a human being that is thus interpolated, as was the case then, or some human idea, fancy or preference, the result is the same. And the closer a man comes to Christ the less he cares for his Presbyterianism, his Methodism or his Episcopacy.

Even the Baptist Church, which has been one of the most conservative in that respect, shows symptoms of the working of a broadening impulse. I recently administered the communion service in a Baptist church and received new members. And although that body of believers is just now making a minority effort to originate a new denomination, yet the attempt to do what is distinctly an anachronism is exerting a liberalizing influence on the majority of that body and will certainly quicken the undenominational tendency of all the other Protestant sects.

The tendency away from sectarianism has as its compelling motive two considerations. One is that Christ, the undivided head of the church, logically implies and demands the undivided body of the church. The other is that to be a militant church—that is to say, the Lord's army—is inconsistent with the mutual isolation and competition of its component elements. In a little town or even in a sizable town, to have three or four churches, each of which regards the other more or less askance, is false to the army idea, prejudicial to all militant results and more repellent than attractive to

the unchurched masses. That the Roman Catholic Church is one church the world over is one of the contributing elements of its attractiveness and power.

Only so fast as we free ourselves from all obstructions and return to the original simplicity of the Apostolic church can we fully actualize the church in its character of organized divine efficiency, confronting the world with its holy challenge, created of God for the spiritual conquest of the world, for the reduction, to the obedience of God, of all human tendencies of every kind, individual, social, national and international. That is what the Church is for, the establishment on earth of the kingdom of God; not merely the rescue of a few individuals, but the sanctification of the very framework of society and making holy all its administrative machinery.

To treat one's entrance into the visible Church as though it were an ultimate achievement, a satisfactory finality in the Christian life of the individual, is to proceed on the basis of a serious misconception, a misconception rather generally entertained and on that account more harmful. Hence the following paragraphs devoted to the matter of

6.

THE CHURCH MILITANT

Considered in its militant character, the individual church is first of all a recruiting station for gathering in raw material and fitting and equipping it for the ranks and for service in the ranks.

That is merely preliminary. We are annually treated to a publication of the number of recruits that have been brought into the church during the year, with the intention that the figures shall be taken as exponent of what the churches have respectively been worth as church organizations.

That would be like using the number of recruits that have been taken into the United States Army during the year as measure of the army's military achievements during the year. It is an accommodation to the widely prevalent idea that men are recruited to the church, that is to say, converted, that they may become approved candidates for the felicities of the world celestial, terrestrially remodeled in order to be celestially remunerated; like the child whose mother procures his obedience by paying him for it. In both cases goodness becomes simply a market commodity alongside of grain and comestibles; and because of that conception the militant function of the church is shunted on to a side track. These fresh converts, these recruits, are not to be considered as converted that they may be ready to die, but in order that they may be ready to live, to enter the Lord's army and help fight its battles.

The world has little or no respect for the church considered as an institution organized for conflict with the world power, and for the very good reason that the church has little respect for itself in that capacity. The world not only wants nothing from the church and, more than that, it expects nothing, does not conceive of it as a force set for the shaping of event; for the determination of history, for the mastering of secular

purpose and activity; for the definite correction of what is evil and the staying of influences that make for social and political corruption. The world's conception of the church is that it exists for the sake of building itself up, like an aimless boy that has no other purpose for himself except to feed himself in order that he may grow.

Quite different is the popular attitude of mind toward our state militia and our federal army. In the first place, they respect themselves in their capacity *as an army,* and as organized not for purposes of self-advertisement and self-felicitation, but as organized for direct and practical conflict against revolt or invasion.

When we observe them on parade we cherish for them and for their officers a peculiar respect mounting to reverence, begotten of the fact that they are not a barren and aimless exhibit, an organization framed with a nebulous design, a design so nebulous that not one-tenth of the onlookers have any concrete idea of what they are for, but understand that they maintain the most direct relation to the non-military population, and that it may at any time be said of them that they hold the destiny of the country in their hands; and as it was thought and said a few years ago, that they hold modern civilization in their hands. In that way the federal army wins a meaning that strikes the intelligence of every civilian in a way that no one asks what is the use of such an army as millions of people *are* asking what is the use of that other army, the church. And because they do not realize the use of it, and have

never received from the church itself an adequate explanation of its use, stand off from it and deny its proper relation to, or its warranted responsibility for, the secular character and interests of the world.

There are two things which need to be understood and emphasized. One is that the world needs to be improved. The other is that it is not going to improve itself. A man cannot pick himself out of a hole. And world improvement is impossible except through the exercise of an agency that is not viciously complicated with the interests of the world.

Whether the church is itself altogether free from such complication is not the question. If there is fault in that particular it will have to be charged to the recruiting agencies, to those who pass upon the competency of intending soldiery, who perhaps have been constrained to enlist under the pressure of some pathetic or sensational appeal, which makes it proper to say that the work of professional evangelists should be scrutinized and reviewed with exceeding care.

However that may be, if our civilization is to be saved, the only organization in sight available for divine use is the church, so that if any of us believe ourselves to be in the legitimate exercise of church membership there is no occasion for our maintaining a hesitant attitude toward the world's secular tendencies so far as they are tainted tendencies; alert but always discreet in the way in which we militantly move upon those tendencies; treating such service not as an option but discharging it as an obligation. Everything that

has been done in the way of reclaiming the world has been done by inspired soldiery.

There are many propositions which lie before the mind unproved, and which do not admit of absolute demonstration, but which so definitely correspond to an ineffaceable inner impulse that we accept their reality even without proof. One of these is

7.

THE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY

When God made man he did not finish him. In that there is nothing inconsistent with general policy. It pertains to the personal and the material world alike. It is to that that nature owes one of her charms. An acorn is an oak already, but an uncompleted one. A little boy is a man already, but not yet finished.

It is not to be supposed that Adam and Eve began in the shape in which we meet them in the garden. The situation there is to be interpreted by the known complexion of things in general; by what nature at large has to say about it. In such matters it has to be remembered that nature came from God as well as the Bible. Indeed, nature is itself a Bible, and it is the great original Bible. It has this advantage, that there is nothing in it that God did not put into it, whereas in our printed copy there may be a few things that man put there. It is easy to assume the contrary but impossible to prove it.

In the light of the general aspect of nature we may assume, therefore, that what we call our first parents were no exception to the rule; that Adam had lived a

considerable time before he became an agriculturist, and that Eve had studied some, and had thought considerable, before being able to discuss the morality or immorality of doing what was forbidden.

This general incomplete condition of things creates the theater in which growth has an opportunity to play, which is quite a different thing from manufacture. This is another world from what it would be if everything were mineral and had no option but either to remain as it is or to fall to pieces in decay. Manufacture puts things together from the outside: growth is a release from the inside. It is the unpacking of what had been previously packed in; divinely packed in, we suppose. And the longer things can go without repacking the more wonderful it becomes as a manifestation of divine wisdom and power: exactly as a clock that will go a year without rewinding is more of a timepiece than one that has to be wound every week. That is why I believe I honor God by believing and teaching the doctrine of evolution.

We are built for the future. We wind our clock Sunday morning for the week. We wind it for the future. And then the motion of its hands on the dial-plate comes from the use of the force which we have introduced into the clock. So are we wound for the future. We are equipped with a prospect. The past we can turn to some account and had better not forget it, at least not all of it, but had better not live on it. We are in this respect like a boat, in that our build shows in what direction we are intended to go. Life viewed from the point where we stand at this moment

lies altogether in front of us. It is a big adventure, bigger than the one that Columbus committed himself to when he loosed from Palos. But he found a new continent.

It is good for the soul to take counsel with the unknown years, to stand so close to the unknown as to feel it. We enlarge to the scope of the world we contemplate. Artisans whose work requires the use of a microscope become nearsighted. Ship captains lengthen their vision by striving to resolve land-haze into firm continent. Everything depends on the soul's attitude. No matter how old a man is, provided his brain still functions and his heart still beats, he dishonors God and his unused possibilities if he fails to continue ticking and striking every time the hour comes around. We shall have as much eternity as we earn. Anyhow, we are not finished, and forgetting the things which are behind we will look forward unto the things which are before, for "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Even if we cannot prove immortality, it is wise to assume it. We cannot prove tomorrow; we only assume it, and the assumption improves the use we make of today. We can tell how old a tree is by the number of its successive rings of deposit. So we ought to be able to compute a man's age less by consulting the almanac and more by the measure of his acquisitions and achievements. A man's age when he dies is to be determined by the number of years that he has lived, not by the number that he has existed.

One's confidence in immortality varies with the in-

dividual. It is a doctrine at which very many falter even though they confess it on each repetition of the Apostles' Creed, and even though they assert their acceptance of the divine authority of the Scriptures in which the doctrine is definitely affirmed. But believing the Bible in general is not quite the same as believing everything that there is in it. There is an insuperable difficulty in believing something that we are constitutionally incompetent to appreciate; in grasping with an expectant thought something which outmeasures the scope of our thought; just as we cannot embrace with our arms anything that is longer than our arms. Believing in immortality may in many instances mean simply assenting to the doctrine, which would only denote an inclination toward it rather than a declination from it.

What passes as belief in immortality generally amounts probably to nothing more than to a belief that death does not end all, that we personally survive the grave, without being consciously committed to so broad a doctrine as that we shall live eternally, and that there will never be a period put to our existence. For we can think as far as to the grave and perhaps to the time that immediately follows; but consciously and intelligently to stretch our thought to a point a thousand or a million years further transcends our power and we really do not attempt it. If we can pass the grave unscathed we surrender ourselves to the future with no careful thought as to the extent of that future or as to the extent of our perdurance in that future.

Much of our conviction that what we call death is

not fatal proceeds from our love of life. We in part expect to continue living because we want to live. To that extent the wish is parent to the thought. The dearer life is to us and the more it means to us, by so much stronger will be our belief in immortality. The rational joy one finds in life proves how natural is our adaptedness to life and easily creates the presumption that an adaptedness which is so natural will be indefinitely continued.

But that consideration is less convincing than the apparently preparatory character of our present experience. To whatever extent our life here may be prolonged we feel that we are only begun, not finished. The road we travel is too short to enable us to arrive. In the matter of knowledge, whether scientific or spiritual, we have only commenced to know, and the more we know the clearer our conception of the vast amount still remaining to be known, could life but be sufficiently prolonged.

The result is that we feel that if life is reduced to a limited term it is more tantalizing than satisfying, and would better have been withheld from us altogether. Hardly does the conception of God that we are taught by our religion to cherish of him permit us to suppose that He would give us a momentary glimpse of a magnificent prospect and then blind our eyes to the contemplation of it. If what we call God's love allows our life to issue in a final and eternal disappointment, can we invest that love with those qualities of fatherliness with which by the terms of the Gospel that love claims to be endowed?

A perfectly satisfying belief in immortality includes not only the conviction that we are not yet finished, but also that we never shall be.

We can receive no communications from without which do not address themselves to what is already to some degree instinctively present within us. We are like a musical instrument which can render no tones except those that already lie latently in the strings. It is at the impulse of this thought that I have composed the following article on

8.

RELIGION

Religion has to do with God and man in their relation to each other. That relation becomes a reality in human experience by virtue of an implanted instinct. We should never have been able to reason except as rationality had been lodged in us as an innate possibility. In a similar way we are religious by nature. Religion is so wonderful a thing, so tremendously broad and high in its scope, that it would never have occurred to us to come to it; we should never have been able to come to it had not its beginning been started in us along with our birth. Therefore if there are any obligations attached to it, those obligations are as inevitable and as obligatory as is the power and opportunity of vision inevitable to an illuminated eye. So that for any man, normally constructed, to ignore religion and to deny the existence in himself of religious tendency and impulse is to play false with his own constitution and with its Author.

That furnishes basis for the entire superstructure of religious truth in all its details. If those who preach would keep more constantly close to the grand fundamentals they would be better able to present and urge with effect all those specifications which derive their meaning and their authority from the one basal fact that God is and that we stand to Him in personal moral relation. Once let a child become thoroughly and pleasantly at home with that single basal idea and almost anything that lies legitimately in the range of religious truth can be brought to his unresisting regard.

Religion has been brought into the world in order to save men to themselves and to redeem our civilization. It is not a religion of retribution but of reconstruction, such as should obviate all necessity for retribution. Retribution has a place in the world, but it is like the schoolmaster's ferule, which may be a necessary feature of schoolroom furniture but is most useful when so kept under cover as to imply the hope and expectation that there will be no occasion for its application. Its application is the last resort of administration that is only semi-successful.

In making use of religion as a means of individual and social redemption we ought never to be disconcerted by man's imperfect condition. A physician is always expected to enter the sick room cheerily. One who labors for the world's betterment will be disappointed in his achievements if his appreciation of human condition is framed in the minor key. Of all men the one who desires to do good is the one who has most need of a glad face. I am far from believing that Jesus

was the hypochondriac that art and current sentiment conceive Him to have been. If His attitude and aspect had shown symptoms of such depression as is attributed to Him, he could hardly have attracted to Himself so quickly so memorable a following. Men are not drawn together under the attraction of that kind of magnetism. Religion is a boon, not a catastrophe. If one is in any kind of need or distress and I can bring him relief, I do not approach him in tears or clad in the habiliments of woe.

To develop a man's religious impulses and to do it by reminding him of his depravity, of which he is more thoroughly aware than any one else can be, seems to be a less effective way of dealing than by cultivating in him a sense of his magnificent possibilities.

Overcoming the evil with the good is a principle that Scripture commends, and is a more philosophic expedient than to leave the good in the background and to put the main emphasis on the evil and on the retribution to which the evil is liable. Man is by native endowment so different from a dog that he ought not to be treated as though he were a dog.

Moral beauty is not made attractive by methods of enforcement against which the better elements of a man's nature instinctively revolt. The evil there is in what is bad is not made visible by being shown in its own light, for there is in it no light. In order to realize that black is black it needs to be put in juxtaposition with what is white. The doctrine of relativity, which has received scientific recognition, has its place also in the sphere of morals. An example of this is

our Lord's dealing with the morally abject Samaritan woman. Instead of holding her to her past and making her breathe the fetid atmosphere of her own depravity, he called her off from herself and led her thoughts along the most exalted lines of conception and spiritual imagination of which human mind and heart are capable. It was a divine compliment paid to her fine religious susceptibilities. Moral chastisement would probably have resulted in the continuance of her career of concubinage.

Our view of the function of religion will depend in part upon what we consider to be man's quality when first he comes under moral influence; or, let me say, upon what we consider to have been the quality of Adam—taken as representative of the race—when first he came under moral influence. Adam did not fall in the Garden of Eden. Instead of its being a fall it was an early step taken in the history of his ascent. A certain amount of elevation is necessary in order to render fall possible. Adam was born innocent, as we all are. But innocence is purely a negative quality. It sustains the same relation to character that white paper does to the writing that is put upon it. Adam was neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. In the character in which he first appears in the Genesis story he was still a baby in point of moral appreciation: and thrusting him out of Paradise and among the thorns and thistles was the providential method of sending him and Eve to primary school; for every kind of progress has to be gained by some form of struggle:

and Paradise was too easy a place to live in to afford any incentives to progress.

If we accept the theory scientifically adopted, that the human race had already been for innumerable ages under a progressive discipline, by which man primeval had arrived at the state of being known as man historic, then we shall have to regard the era at which the Bible takes up the story of man as being a kind of way-station where the training, by which he had been developed into a perfect animal, was replaced by a supplementary training whose function it would be—through an equally protracted period, perhaps—to develop him into a perfect man. The further investigation is pushed into the past the more evident it becomes that time is a big element in divine achievement.

Whether this way of mapping the past will commend itself to the evangelical mind, each reader will have to decide for himself. This much will have to be conceded, that the traditional system of biblical chronology is liable to serious amendment. We are no longer sure that God was occupied just one hundred and forty-four hours in creating the world or that He created it four thousand and four years before the birth of Christ. If these amendments require to be made, what other amendments of a more serious character will follow in their wake no one is wise enough even to conjecture. Of this, however, I am thoroughly confident, that whatever subsequent discoveries may be made—if justly interpreted—they will reveal in only fuller light the wonderfulness of the natural world, the dignity of man and the glory of God. To be afraid of discoveries, and to

put a ban upon investigators, is a transparent confession of unfaith.

Human reconstruction, however, is not complete unless along with the establishment of normal relations between man and God the like result is achieved as between man and man. The first does not carry the second along with it. It might seem that it ought to, but it does not. Being devout does not guarantee being fraternal. Hence to the inquiring Pharisee Jesus gave not one commandment but two, that of love to God *and* that of love to one's neighbor. From failure to recognize the duality of obligation society does not become harmonious as fast as it becomes religious. The number of churches in a community cannot be taken as measure of communal tranquillity. Sometimes the inharmony extends even to the relation between the churches themselves.

There are men who pray to God on Sunday and prey on their neighbors week days. Of two harp-strings each may vibrate with a clear musical resonance, but that does not insure against dissonance when the two are set vibrating at the same time. This may be called a religious world, but it is a very quarrelsome one. All of the nations engaged in the recent most ghastly war of all history worshipped God, except Germany, which claimed to have a god of its own.

Society means not simply population, but all the actions and reactions that transpire between its members. So that for Christ to save the world means not only the redemption of individual inhabitants but the conversion of all their reciprocal relations. That is ex-

pressed in St. John's vision of the Holy City, which carries with it the idea of a sanctity which pervades the organization and not merely the individual citizens comprised in the organization.

This principle constitutes the preacher's warrant for extending his interest to the social, civic and industrial relations of people. On a recent public occasion when there were being considered the interests of certain institutions maintained abroad by American money, in which the representatives of a variety of nationalities were brought together in fraternal and sympathetic relations, one of the speakers defined civilization as "the art of pleasantly living together." The preacher is therefore quite within his sphere whether he makes war upon what separates man from God to the invalidation of man's divine sonship, or makes war upon what separates man from man to the disintegration of society. His sphere is as broad as the field of moral action and relation.

There are words of great moment which, either from too frequent use or from careless use, become in time bereft of their proper force and significance. One can render valuable service by taking such words and seeking to reinvigorate them with the energy proper to them. For that reason I have written as follows on the word

9.

FAITH

Faith is a great word, too great to be put to small uses. Language as a whole, and its individual words,

shrink in consequence of being made to render menial service. They mean as much as they are made to mean by the one who employs them. Language is something into which meaning has to be put as well as something from which meaning has to be drawn out. It is in that respect like a musical instrument that depends for effects upon the man who plays it. A diminutive man cannot be an effective reader. He will bring Shakespeare and even the Bible down to the level of the ordinary. What might not the love chapter in the Corinthian letter mean if repeated by St. Paul or the Lord's prayer if voiced by Jesus?

That, then, is what I mean by calling faith a great word, a capacious word. It holds all the meaning that the soul is capable of breathing into it. It differs from belief: is more vital: has more of the dynamic property. Belief is more passive; is rather a matter of assent, which is easy, costs little. Even an idle and indifferent soul can say "yes" and not feel the strain of it.

Faith denotes a condition under which one has a sense of being laid hold upon and mastered. We hold our *beliefs*, but our faith holds *us*. We are borne along by that in which we have faith as among the high mountains a boulder is carried by the glacier in whose clutch the boulder has been seized. I never obtained a distinct conception of faith or had it visualized till I first saw a boulder picked up by a glacier and irresistibly borne along by it. At once the boulder became sharer in the glacier's movement and participant in the glacier's tremendous momentum.

In like manner that in which I have faith determines

the direction in which I move and the force of my movement. My faith may relate itself to a person, human or divine. Instead of to a person it may connect itself with an idea or a doctrine. And if it is a great doctrine that I have to do with, or rather that has to do with me, and if it has gained such a hold on me as I saw physically exemplified on the mountain, then it is evident how substantial will be its control over me.

Intelligence, even without the reënforcement of faith, is a working factor in life, and money also makes an amount of contribution toward the same end; yet after all it is faith that constitutes the supreme enginery to which are referable the achievements of a masterly life and of a productive history. It alone deepens the throb of the individual and the general heart. The wind may stir the surface of the sea, but only a loftier influence suffices to move and control the tides.

Only in this way can we understand why Abraham became the father of three religions; Moses the universal lawgiver, Paul the creator of Christian theology, Washington the father of his country, Lincoln the great emancipator.

Faith is the universal recipe for human greatness of character and therefore greatness of achievement. The mere fact of being person is no guarantee of efficiency. A man may be gifted by nature and have those gifts supplemented by a liberal education and yet count for nothing as a working factor, make no mark while he lives, create no vacancy when he dies and spend his years marking time. Results are disappointing, but create no surprise any more than there is surprise that

a cannonball lying upon the ground does no execution. Our man is ineffectual for the same reason as the cannonball, because he is the subject of no compelling force such as exists in being controlled by some big idea, vast truth, dominating purpose. Such trained impotencies the world is full of. They may be sound; so is the cannonball. They are probably weighted with solid possibilities of effect; so is the cannonball. But in one case as in the other, there is none of that *vis a tergo* that converts possibility into actuality; no impulse gathered from a point above the level of the ground which can create the efficiency that insures large accomplishment.

It is much easier to apprehend religious truth than it is to comprehend it. In the first instance we seize upon truths in their individuality, and in the second we seek to grasp them in their several reactions upon each other. Truths are fractional: truth is integral. It is at the suggestion of this fact that I have written on

10.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS

Under these two divisions the Lord classifies the world's population. A little later on in the chapter (Matthew twenty-five) there is set forth the standard dependent upon which the classification was made.

Sometimes, especially in my later years, it has been a question with me whether there is not the disposition on the part of some of the clergy to confine the kingdom of heaven within frontiers somewhat narrower than are required by the Lord's own intention.

This is not written for the purpose of making the kingdom mean less, but with the desire to have counted as citizens of the kingdom all that by any possibility belong there. There is always encouragement in numbers and we sincerely desire to have that encouragement just so far as it is legitimate.

The division into sheep and goats seems a harsh means of classification till we read further on and discover what meaning is determined for it by the Lord's method of application.

If we accept as valid the interpretation which is given to the Gospel by a considerable element of Evangelical preachers we shall have to conclude that citizenship in the heavenly kingdom involves on the part of the individual his conscious relation to Jesus Christ. A part of the purpose of this particular section of Scripture is to show to inquirers that such conscious relation to Him is not necessarily involved.

When Christ welcomed men to citizenship—that is to say, to a place among the sheep—because they had given Him something to eat when He was hungry, and to drink when thirsty, and entertainment when He was a stranger, they replied that they did not know that it was to Him that they had rendered any such service. "But it was," He answered. "Hungry people you have fed; to thirsty people you have given drink: and those needing hospitality you have taken care of. Doing it to them I count the same thing as doing it to me. That you were not thinking of me while doing it makes no difference. I have so identified myself with man, with all men, even the humblest, that being kind to them

counts as loyalty to me." This identification of Himself with mankind, such that in touching any member of the race we touch Him, is one of the thoughts that give distinction to our Lord's ministry. There is nothing absolutely new in the principle, for it is as when a mother takes offense at the wrong done her child or is herself grateful when the child has kindness shown to it.

But the point which we are just now anxious to emphasize is that when one renders a loving service to another Christ recognizes the act as an evidence of loyalty to Himself even though He may not have been at all in the doer's mind or have come within the circle of the doer's acquaintance. Notwithstanding all that this signifies, it is something which I never presented in my own preaching and never heard any other preacher present.

It seems to indicate that whenever and wherever service is rendered to another out of the fullness of a loving heart, that service has divine account taken of it, and the doer has divine recognition extended to him. The doer may not be the member of any church nor an attendant upon any religious service. He may be utterly ignorant of the catechism and the Bible, indeed ignorant of the historic Christ Himself. It is quality that counts, not the way in which the quality is secured. It is results and not the machinery by which results are obtained that need to interest us.

Taking this position in no way involves making light of divine efficiency. If it is true, as is claimed in John's Gospel, that Christ is the light of every man that cometh

into the world, we can understand how the divinely implanted seeds of affection could fructify in acts of affectionate service. We can have no interest in questioning the operating influence of God's Spirit in softening the hardness of the heart and mellowing it to a condition of tender and beautiful fruitfulness. But the value of such condition does not depend upon the man's knowing how it was produced nor by whom it was produced, but that it was produced, that it existed, and existed as an affectionate efficiency in practical life.

When the Lord saw an act that was evidently motived by an affectionate impulse He estimated it at its face value without subjecting it to theological tests. Why does not the Church do the same thing? Why *ought* not the Church to do the same thing and make frank declaration to the world that membership in it is open to every man, woman and child who acts in pursuance of the principle that it is love that is the fulfilling of the law? The pursuance of such a policy would certainly do something toward creating in the world at large a kindlier sentiment toward the Church and bring within the fold many who now stand toward it in a hesitant and unsympathetic relation.

The late General Armstrong, principal of Hampton Institute, looked forward to entrance into the future world with a very happy curiosity, having answered with a quite confident negation the question

11.

DOES THE HEAVENLY WORLD DIFFER FUNDAMENTALLY FROM THE EARTHLY ONE?

I excuse myself for writing upon so difficult a theme by this consideration, that it means more even to feel of a great question than thoroughly to digest a diminutive one.

In approaching our matter it will be pertinent to consider the steadiness of policy that appears to prevail throughout the entire material universe, thus establishing the principle that the Divine Mind never works in one part of its realm in such a way as to contradict what it does in another part, or in such a way as to ignore what it has done in another part.

Since it has been discovered that the most distant heavenly bodies that have been brought within the reach of our scientific estimate are in general subject to the same laws as those that are more nearly neighbored to us, we seem justified in assuming that bodies remoter than any that we have yet been able to subject to our investigation are amenable to the same laws, constituted of similar material and propelled by the same impulses. It is only on that assumption that astronomy can continue to be a subject of strictly scientific interest. If gravity, for example, operated differently at those celestial altitudes with which we are unfamiliar than it does in regions that we have been able to canvass, there would be lacking any basis upon which scientific thought could interestedly or profitably proceed. Matters, however, have progressed to such a point that Science does not expect to encounter irreconcilable surprises. It

feels confident that it has caught the Lord's thought and that it will remain steadfast.

We can go further and claim that these forces, effective in nature, do not always confine themselves to the material world, but spread across into the region of thought and morals, to that extent breaking down the wall of partition between the realm of things and the realm of spirit, producing the two into one kingdom. The doctrine of "natural laws in the spiritual world" is not at all unfamiliar to thoughtful minds. It is on that account that Jesus could freely quote from common things, especially from living things, in illustration of moral and spiritual truths. It is only because there is an interior sympathy and understanding between the two that there could be any propriety in using one as means of setting forth the other.

What I mean can be made plain by referring to the germination of a buried acorn or other seed. The nucleus of life that is in the shell bursts itself free and comes out, comes up, rises from the dead. That is resurrection operative in the vegetable world; the same thing in a small way and on material ground that transpired that first Sunday morning at the Lord's grave. St. Paul appreciated the spiritual import of the revival of a seed covered under the soil and therefore introduced it into his wonderful resurrection chapter in his letter to the Corinthians, which he would hardly have done had there been only a casual and accidental resemblance between vegetable and personal resurrection. Illustration to be genuine must be vitally related to the thing illustrated.

So, also, St. John in his Apocalyptic letter paints his picture of the heavenly Jerusalem in colors taken from an earthly palette; and his picture would be worthless and misleading were the lines which he draws such that the human mind, in contemplating them, would be led astray by attaching to them a degree of practical significance. A representation that is a complete falsification is a great deal worse than no representation. We may not be able to interpret John's imagery in its entirety, but we can depend upon it that our minds are moving in the *direction* of the truth when we give to that imagery its first and easiest meaning.

The issue to which the foregoing paragraphs point with no uncertain finger is that there is but one world, as is denoted by our word universe, which means "turned into one," "combined into one whole," and that what we call the next world, or the future world, is at most only another part, or a different aspect of the one world that now is and always has been.

Anything that produces definiteness of impression helps to create belief, for it gives to thought something upon which it can poise itself. Such support no sincere teacher will fabricate, but upon quite a slender branch a bird can plume itself in preparation for a far flight. An adult cannot, and still more a child cannot, believe in what affords to the mind no resting-place. As we have seen, slight but very suggestive intimations are given of a region kindred to our present dwelling place, and those intimations—and they are many—should be faithfully utilized. If a child should ask me if in heaven there would be toys that he could play with, I would

say, "Yes, or if not just such toys as you have now, others that will satisfy you just as well." All he wants is to be sure that he will be satisfied. That gives him something upon which his mind can rest. David's mind rested there when he wrote, "I shall be satisfied."

Moreover, if we do not carry into the other world the personality which we at present possess, then by having the old personality (which is ourselves) replaced by a new, *we* stop at the grave and "immortality" is a misnomer. But if present personality does survive, then there will survive also its present aptitudes and appreciations, which will involve the continuance of an environment so far like the present as to be in adjustment to those aptitudes and meet the requirements of those appreciations.

It is worth a great deal to us if by consulting the intimations afforded us of the relation between the sphere we occupy now and the realm spiritual, we can come to regard that realm with something the unstrained and unstilted thought with which we contemplate the regions beyond the Pacific and the Atlantic and the peoples occupying them. The late Mr. Gladstone was not a man chargeable with mental whimsicality, and yet it was in just such way that he was wont to contemplate the unseen land and the dear ones living there. It appears that there was some one particular friend who was especially close to his heart in the prayer he was accustomed to offer and which was recited with other prayers when his body was deposited in Westminster Hall. In that prayer occur these words, "Tell him, O gracious Lord, if it may be, how

much I love him and miss him and long to see him again; and if there be ways in which he may come, vouchsafe him to me as a guide and guard, and grant me a sense of his nearness, in such degree as Thy laws permit." The closer and more sympathetic the two realms are felt to be, and the more they are conceived to have in common, the less unnatural Mr. Gladstone's prayer is realized to be, and the more possible that the time may come, if it has not already come, when there shall be interchange of communication between the two continents.

Religion and Science have been pitted against each other for centuries. Assuming that religion is a reality, and assuming that science is a reality, there can be no inconsistency between them, for realities can never clash. This matter is handled in a pleasant and intelligible way in chapter seven of John Fiske's "Idea of God."

12.

DARWINISM AND THE CHURCH

No matter how many times science has propounded and substantiated a theory that contradicts the traditional interpretation of Scripture, nor how stiff a fight the church has put up against the theory, some way has always been found of reconciling theory and theology. It is evidence of the firm hold which Scripture has upon the public mind that the long series of these readjustments, to which the church has been compelled, has not seemed to impair the confidence which the pub-

lic has in the Bible's essential truthfulness and value. How long this series of readjustments has been, one can easily discover by reading the late Andrew D. White's work entitled, "History of the Warfare of Science and Theology." Of course in each case it has cost theology a degree of humiliation, but there is a certain arrogance pertaining to it, as well as to science, that makes it candidate for the discipline of defeat. There is so much of value pertaining to sturdy conviction that it seems a pity that it has so often to be toned down.

The doctrine of evolution which is just now a kind of storm center, has been of late years lying rather quietly in the public mind and has only recently been made a burning question by the fact that it is being brought into our schools and colleges, to the perversion of the young mind it is claimed, and to the undermining of its confidence in the Scriptures and in the religion which is documented in those Scriptures.

If that claim can be substantiated it undoubtedly produces a serious situation, but at the same time it has to be said that there is nothing so true as the truth. It is the truth, our Lord said, that shall make us free, and not any perversion or falsification of the truth. It is better that our young religionists should know everything than that there should be fostered in their inquisitive minds the suspicion that there are certain truths being concealed from them which, had they been known to them, would cut the ground from under all religion, at least from under our own religion. There is nothing which a young person so de-

sires to know as the thing which he suspects is being purposely kept from him. And it is probable that already there is being made at the public library an unusual call for Darwin's "Descent of Man."

While it is probably the case that the absolute truth of Darwin's derivation of man has not been absolutely demonstrated, yet there is that in the doctrine which appeals to me and with the spirit of which I warmly sympathize, and I would very much like to have such confirmatory evidence adduced as would put the matter beyond question. For my acceptance of the theory has in no wise shaken my confidence in the essential truthfulness of Scripture nor embarrassed me in my preaching of the Gospel.

That man should have derived from a long series of antecedent conditions, each a slight improvement upon its predecessor, is in so close accord with what we every day see occurring before our eyes, that for him to have sprung to a condition of complete and finished humanness with no previous rehearsals for such humanness, is to suppose that the Creator, whose entire economy of action, as we are made familiar with it, is an economy of rigid adherence to established methods, suddenly, in a spirit of freakishness, abandoned that economy and produced an object that was already ripe without allowing it ripening opportunity.

What we learn from the observation of nature's methods is that in the sphere of living things the stage at which an object arrives on the attainment of its maturity stands at a greater or less remove from the stage at which it commences to exist, the intervening

space being always covered by a process which we know as growth. This is so universally and persistently the fact that we have come to regard it as a law of nature, that is to say, one of the fixed methods by which God acts in the natural world. Of course we are not authorized nor qualified to say that the Creator and Sustainer of the universe never violates one of his own laws, but any event that claims to be such violation we regard with immense suspicion, and always feel, and are bound to feel, that the case is not all in, that the problem has elements that have not been taken into the account, or that an untrained imagination, or a leaning toward the picturesque, has usurped the function belonging to a spirit of cool prosaic interpretation.

A study of so much of the world as God has to do with has developed in us great confidence in symmetry and uniformity of process, and whenever anything occurs within the domain of divine action that appears on the face of it to be a violation of harmony, instead of putting its face value upon it we treat it interrogatively and insist that if we had a larger understanding of all that is involved we should discover that what looks like exception is unexplained conformity.

An instance of this occurred in the seeming misbehavior of the planet Uranus, at that time the outermost known planet of our solar system. The actions of the planet did not conform to what was required of it by the principles of planetary motion as determined by prolonged years of detailed astronomic observation. Now the astronomers, instead of saying that Uranus

had run wild or that astronomy was an unreliable science or that God had allowed to the planet a little fanciful playfulness of its own, assumed that it was the same well behaved creature as all the other seven planets, that God in his administration of it stood by the inviolable system of his own establishment; and they went about to discover what was the unknown and disturbing element that had the appearance of irregularity. Two astronomers in particular applied themselves to the problem, and within a few hours of each other discovered in a far-off corner of the sky a hitherto unknown planet whose calculated influence upon Uranus was just sufficient to account for its seeming frolicsomeness. Of course no one is qualified, and least of all myself, to say that what Scripture represents as being the first man and the first woman were not produced in a manner that differed from the one employed in the production, so far as history relates, of billions of other men and women, but before publicly making it a feature of my theology, I should want some other authority for the glaring irregularity of their birth than the unsupported testimony of an unknown author writing at an unknown date.

If Adam and Eve were the first man and first woman and were not produced in some such way as the Book of Genesis describes, it looks very much as though they must have come along in some such way as Mr. Darwin describes, come up from humble beginnings just as all other fine things come up; come up as the oak comes up from an acorn buried in the dirt. A blossom is none the less fine for having to trace its

history from a root buried in the ground. It is not origin but destiny that interests me. If it is the case that a troglodyte lies somewhere back in the long line of my ancestry and I could get a picture of him I would use it to embellish my autobiography; or anything prior to him of a still less polite but perhaps more picturesque order.

The weakness rather than the strength of the Bible lies in its oddities,—such as the unnatural birth of two humans, God's conversation with a snake, the still-standing of the sun without apparent rupture of the balanced harmony of the celestial universe. These features tend to avert from cordial acceptance of the Bible, many who would naturally be its hearty advocates, and will continue to do so as long as they are insisted upon as essential features of a divine revelation.

That there are not more such recalcitrants is due to the fact that these anomalies are considered as the product of a primitive and imaginative age and not to be made account of as against the appealing motive, stately character and august demands of the grand trend of Scripture.

The recent attempt of the Government to make people good by statute has resulted in so much resistance on the part not only of the lawless but also of the law-abiding, as condemns the attempt as being fraught not only with difficulty but also with apparent impossibility. The resistance which at this writing is a steadily growing one, suggests that while Government has its business to mind, the individual

has his own business to mind and is the only one that can be wisely allowed to mind it. My feeling upon the matter can best be expressed under the title

13.

COMPULSORY MORALITY

There are being devised so many schemes for making people good by law, that the validity of that method of reconstructing society is becoming a live and practical question. It is so much simpler than the current method and so much swifter in its operation that if it yields substantial results it will be the part of wisdom and economy to accord to it earnest support and to seek to have our legislative work done by men who are its confessed advocates. So much of what used to be accomplished by hard work is now done just as successfully and much more expeditiously by some kind of impersonal contrivance, that if the same principle can be applied to the inculcation of morality and the promotion of piety, nothing will be lost and very much gained.

In dealing with the matter one point that should be conscientiously guarded is that within the scope of personality there is a larger or a smaller area which no one but God is authorized to invade. It is so far forth very much like the holy of holies of the old Hebrew temple, into which only God entered and the high priest once in the year. Of our personal holy of holies we are individually our own high priest. We are not undertaking to say how inclusive or exclusive that area, —secured only to God and self,—may be, only it is

there. There is that within us that cannot be made common property and is beyond the reach of all human intrusion. This does not solve our problem, but it is a fact that is to be kept definitely in mind, as indicating that there is a personal frontier which, whoever undertakes to cross, thereby attests himself a thief and a robber. The acceptance of that doctrine is one strong feature of Americanism, and Americanism, so far as capable of being reduced to overt form is the supreme judicatory of our land.

For the sake of an illustration, and to show how alien to the American idea a man can be, especially if he has become enthusiastically inflamed with the conception that he is God's vicegerent for the moral reconstruction of society, such an one having asked my opinion upon a certain matter made the ominous retort that if I did not alter my mind it might be bad for me. That is un-American and an un-American is the last person in the world to be qualified to save America. He was a house-breaker. He tried to break into the sacred domicile of my exclusive personality. My thoughts are my own, and the attempt to force them was the attempt of a vandal, and a sacrilegious effort to trample with unsanctified feet upon what was sacredly my own and no one's else, except God's. To have an opinion and to express an opinion, however, are two things. An expressed opinion is sure to drift across the frontier. As Homer said, "words are winged" and we cannot tell how far they may fly or upon what injudicious branch they may light; although it comes pretty close to Americanism, if you have an

opinion, to speak it, for it is spoken opinions that do a great deal of the world's work.

We must not, however, accord to our own inner sanctuary so broad an area as to have it intersect the rights and interests of others. St. Paul carefully guards this point when in speaking of meat that had been previously offered to idols, he says: "If by eating such meat I shall bruise the consciences of others, I will eat none of it so long as the world stands." The Apostle therein confesses that he is responsible not only for himself but to some degree for others. At the same time he does not let the opportunity slip of indicating that it is distinctly righteous to eat such meat himself; he does not complicate matters by admitting it to be on general principles a moral question when he knows it is not. He had the confidence of his convictions. He lets it be understood that he was, for other's sake, allowing an invasion of his own sacred preserves.

There is in that a quality of action worth noting. It is altogether possible, not to say probable, that he did eat of such meat himself. He did not say that he would not. He did not mean to have it understood that he would not. He did not make a conscience matter of what he knew was not a conscience matter to any man who had a conscience that was intelligent and healthy. If he had simply encouraged those Roman christians to act according to the dictates of their consciences and left the matter there, he would have omitted a fine opportunity for cultivating in them a conscience that was more rational. He would have left

them to believe that something was wrong which he, with his more enlightened moral sense, knew was not wrong.

For we have to remember that conscience is not an infallible guide. It is like a clock in that it requires from time to time to be reset and made to conform to a more perfect standard. And therefore he said to them,—"There is nothing inherently wrong in doing what your mistaken conscience causes you to believe is wrong." If he had belonged to the class of timid moralists he would have told them to observe the dictates of conscience and would have stopped there. Conscience stands as much in need of education as the intellect does, and theirs was uneducated and he told them so.

When I entitled this article "Compulsory Morality" I accommodated myself to current conception, but there is no such thing as compulsory morality. An act that we perform by compulsion is not a moral act so far as our own moral sense is concerned, any more than the movement of a man through the air can be called flight when he has been shot from the mouth of a cannon. Compulsory laws are necessary in order to meet the demands of the lawless, but are in the nature of an insult when made to apply to those who are disposed to do what is proper without any law. Such application may sometimes have to be made in the interests of the lawless and in order to avoid discrimination; but even so the ends of strict justice are imperfectly met, and to be obliged to refrain from doing what on general principles you know you have a perfect

moral right to do, is galling and properly so; and when you are censured for expressing yourself as uncomfortable under the infliction, your thoughts incline toward profanity even if you do not allow yourself to give it utterance. It produces a vast muttered chorus of inarticulate dissent.

Paul in writing to Timothy says that "law is not made for righteous men but for the lawless." But when it is fastened on the law-abiding as well as on the lawless it produces that kind of reaction that ought to be expected from the self-respecting element of community. To be fastened in a go-cart after one has learned to walk is humiliating.

If this abridgment of natural prerogative is necessary in the moral interest of others we will take that fact into the account as Paul did but like him will insist that in so doing we are yielding to what, from a moral point of view, is a counterfeit obligation, from which we expect in due time to be relieved; for we do not like to suppose that the time will not come when our legislators will be competent to enact laws that will put necessary restraint upon the lawless without violating the natural rights of the law-abiding.

The reason why some people acquire an education and others do not is at bottom the fact that some realize their opportunities and utilize them, while others neither utilize nor see. A young man says, "I have no money and therefore I cannot get an education." Very likely he cannot get a college education, but a college education is not the only education and I would not

care to say that it is the best education, and so I say that

14.

AN EDUCATION IS NO ONE'S EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGE

Any man under ordinary conditions who arrives at the age of forty-five, without having become well educated, has himself to blame for it: it all depends on ambition and grit, and by grit I mean determination that is not blighted by adverse conditions. There is a great plenty of college and university in the world, even when Harvard, Yale and Princeton and a hundred other similar but less pretentious institutions are counted out. The world itself is a university, which is certain to yield educatory reactions if its appeals are respected and responded to.

There is something artificial in separating one's self for four years from the normal contacts and activities of life and housing one's self in an intellectual conservatory. The proof of it is seen in the fact that no one knows exactly what to do with a fresh collegian and what to set him about. His experience has educated him but in educating him into one condition has educated him out of another and a natural condition. Conservatory flowers gain something but they lose something. Making a young fellow unnaturally intelligent by the use of forced treatment, conservatory treatment, has something the same effect upon him intellectually that it would have upon him physically if he were put under conditions of food and exercise when he would have nothing to do but become more

and more of a corporeal phenomenon. It would add to his weight but would correspondingly blunt his practical adaptations. We mean all of that when we say of a boy that he is growing too fast. Rapid growth is not the same as solid growth.

It may seem inconsistent in a college graduate to criticise collegiate life. I am not exactly criticising it, but only claiming that it has not the whole of the argument, and that because a young man has not the means of a regular college course is no reason for his abandoning his purpose of becoming thoroughly educated, for after all that has been said and written upon the matter it should be understood that what a man gains by college training is not familiarity with the topics studied there but the intellectual vigor that the study of those topics develops in him. That has been said so many times and said so emphatically that it seems almost foolish to say it again.

A man may be deprived of a college training by the necessity he is under of working for a living. But that does not necessarily deprive him of the benefits of such training, for work is educating or rather may be, and whether it is or not depends on the man, depends on whether he works mechanically or humanly, whether he does it as a chore or engrosses himself in it, which latter is the only kind that has the finest value, and is the kind that always operates to produce enlightened manhood in the worker.

I know all of this by experience and by observation. It is one of the problems that I have brooded over for sixty years, and I know that there is no body of men

that I can speak to with more assurance of effect than a congregation of rational and industrious farmers. It takes body, brain and heart to make good work, and, those three ingredients present, the worker is bound to be on the make. The reason why so many millions of common workers remain common, is because they consent to stand as substitutes for machines and because their employers for the sake of keeping their wages down are interested to have them continue to think of themselves as machines, and are anxious to have their ranks kept full by being liberally replenished by thoughtless and aimless immigrants.

Another point that I want to make is that there is a certain magical influence attributed to college experience that does not belong to it and that very much of what the college affords a student can be acquired just as well *out* of college as *in*. As I look back over our four years of college I realize that a very considerable percentage of the service which our professors rendered us consisted in holding us to our work. They buttressed our languid determination. By knowing that we had to be so thoroughly acquainted with our lessons as to be able to recite them, and by knowing that a record of the quality of our recitations was being kept day by day for future use, we were artificially strained to the point of respectable industry. It was an arrangement designed to offset the human disposition to be laggards. If I had had the disposition all the mathematics which I acquired in college I could have achieved without a professor as well as with. So of all that I learned of history and biography. The

best work in Latin that I ever did I did while I was a dry-goods clerk.

This does not mean that the acquisitions made in college will not be better made in college than when studying by one's self. It means that the average human purpose is so lacking in stability that it requires to be supplemented by external appliances, and that each college professor discharges a large part of his function in serving as just such an appliance, and saving the student from mediocrity and the blight that is wrought by irresolution.

Even if a man is working eight hours a day as I was when I was selling groceries and was clerk in a dry-goods store, he will still find some means of doing what he is tremendously determined on doing. Eight hours out of twenty-four leaves sixteen hours for something else, and as a rule the less time a man has for doing nothing in particular, the better off he is and the less liable to arrest.

And all of this without underestimating the cultured value of mind's influence upon mind; for how many are there of those who bewail, or think they bewail, the meagerness of their opportunities, who realize that through a system of free libraries are made accessible to them the biggest minds, the best thoughts and the finest sentiments, human and divine, with which history has been enriched during its course of thirty-five centuries. An open library is a published university, into which any one can enter without matriculation, in which he can continue to grow wise without an instructor, and from which he can graduate at only

nominal expense. As well might a man, standing out in the midst of Western prairies, or on the back of the Alps or the Andes, claim to be the victim of suffocation, as lament the absence of opportunity and the poverty of privilege in the midst of a world as full of splendid impulse as the sky is of sunshine. Eyes have they but they see not. Minds, but they think not; souls, but they breathe not. What can they who have some vision, do more to open eyes that are closed than to quicken aspirations that are unawakened?

Fundamental sympathy between nations will hardly be secured by mere abstention from acts of hostility, or by the adoption of an economic system that will bear with only equal pressure upon all parties. Two nations, like two individuals, may be sufficiently companioned to render unlikely a resort to arms and yet be far removed from relations of fraternity.

15.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF NATIONS

Although it may be a long time before the nations of the world become an organized unity, yet we have already come so far toward it and entered into so close relations with one another, that no nation suffers without its misfortune reflecting itself in the condition of the remaining nations. There results, therefore, a kind of enforced international brotherhood to this extent, that if one member suffers all the remaining members suffer with it.

We may not be proud of our relationship to certain

members of the international fraternity, but nevertheless we cannot escape being bound under their burdens and suffering from their offenses.

It has been suggested that we engross ourselves with the interests of the South American Republics, and thus provide ourselves with all those commercial facilities and opportunities that will obviate the necessity for our existing eastern and transpacific connections: "Let Europe and Asia take care of themselves and the two Americas constitute a close-communion world all by themselves."

The bald statement of such a proposition is its own refutation. If we could move out into some other sphere like Mars or Jupiter,—Jupiter preferably on account of its tremendous expanse of territory,—some such scheme might be worth considering. But so long as we have one sun and the same moon and only one axis of diurnal revolution, we cannot ignore the divine intention and shall have to stay by each other, nolens volens.

Making up our minds to an uncomfortable situation is the first step toward adjusting ourselves to it and then to availing of the advantages that it may be prepared to afford us. And certainly it would be great living if all the kingdoms of this world could, to such an extent, become one, that each individual realm would be the means and end of all the rest.

Some such idea really lay in the back of the head of all (or most) of those who have met in conference at Versailles, Washington and Genoa, and still earlier at the Hague. As animals are swayed by instinct, so

humans are very often controlled by impulses too profound for them to be able altogether to appreciate. History works itself out along invisible as well as along visible lines. One cannot study history without realizing how much wiser were some of its events than were the human authors of those events. We are born to be optimists, a disposition that is likely to be defeated only by some derangement of the physical system. Pessimism is a mild form of dementia.

As such is bound to be the world's destiny, one contribution toward such an issue will be a more intimate acquaintance with the world in its foreign and remote parts, with its people, its life and interests and its history. By travel, commerce, electricity and radio the distant is being made very close.

Our press is doing less than an intelligent and broad-spirited press might and ought to be doing in the way of making not only Europe, but South America, Asia and Africa familiar to the minds and hearts of our people. It ought to tell us not only what we are curious to know, but some things that we are indifferent to, but which we ought in the interest of the world's progress, to be familiar with.

Some things that we are foolishly and abnormally desirous of knowing would make the newspaper fuller by being omitted and space be thereby afforded for instructing the public in what the public needs to know in order to the encouragement of a better civilization here and everywhere.

Something would be achieved in the direction of bringing about a closer relation between us and other

people if the press would tell us more about life and how it is lived in foreign parts, disclosing not only the outer features of human existence, but its more intimate qualities, as recorded in social and domestic life, so leading us to realize that our personal differences are not to be estimated by our geographical distances. With all of variation that there is from our own methods and manners there is still very much that is in common with our own, and it is by fostering in us a sense of community that the beginnings are made of friendly acquaintanceship.

Still farther than that our people need to be pleasantly introduced to that underlying basis of foreign life which is stealthily expressed in its philosophical and religious ideas and aspirations. Foreign nations may trade together but commerce is not a conciliatory bond. Trade among people of the same country and sometimes even among those who call themselves christians, is a game in which each of the two parties engaged tries to get the better of the other, or at any rate aims not to be outdone by the other. We do not love our grocer or our butcher. So that interchange of commodities cannot be relied upon as efficient preparation for the cementing of substantial international friendships. By such means there is secured only an external approach, not internal access.

If there is to be true fellowship between dissimilar peoples, it must be on the basis of that which is dearest to us; namely our philosophy and our religion. There is not involved in that proposition the necessity for accord in all the details of our respective systems

of thought and of piety, but accord so far as relates to their fundamental element, which, upon searching analysis, may be found to be identical in all. I subjoin the following paragraph recently written by a Chinaman:—"Confucianism, Buddhism and Christianity, the last a beautiful product of Hellenism and Hebraism, each in its own way appeals to what is permanent in us, and, as far as I can see, there is nothing in their naked simplicity which can give sufficient cause for any irreconcilability. Personally I have become convinced that a true Confucianist is, in the bottom of his heart, also a true Buddhist and a true Christian, and that the reverse is also true. But if we are not prepared to go as far as that, there is little doubt that they can at least be devoted companions. It is here that we find the key to a genuine internationalism."

What I especially prize in the above quotation is the writer's thought that true international fellowship can be secured only as it is based on that which is deepest in the thought and experience of the combined peoples.

In the Scripture estimate of what is involved in wifehood and motherhood, there is far more included than is contained in the modern exercise of those two relations; and the conviction which I have that that reduced estimate has an unfortunately close bearing upon the tone of our civilization has induced the preparation of the following article on

16.

MOTHER AND CHILD

There must be something large in life's commencement if it is to be large in the finish. In things that live the end never gets altogether away from the beginning. Dimensions will change with the progress of time, but there is something about quality that is continuous. Samuel, who was perhaps the finest specimen of humanity mentioned in Old Testament history, and Jesus, who was the finest specimen of humanity in all history, were already holy in the act of conception.

Hannah and Mary had a sanctified longing for offspring, an impulse unconsciously present already in the two infants the instant they commenced to be. Unsanctified animal impulse cannot vouch for quality. In the birth of neither of these two was there anything accidental. Each was the fulfillment of a chastened desire, a hallowed purpose.

In that there is something to be contemplated by young wives in the prospect of a conjugal life. Otherwise the bearing of children reduces very nearly to the level of animal breeding. It is not going too far to claim that mothers to whom maternity means all that it meant to Hannah, can be regularly expected to have children that are after the model of Hannah's child. Something of this, if wisely said, might be delicately indicated in the prayer accompanying the marriage service. It would give a meaning and add a dignity to marriage such as it seems in these days to be sorely in need of acquiring. I believe that the Catholic clergy

often assume a liberty in this matter such as is rarely exercised by Protestant ministers. We are not cattle and there is no place where that fact ought to be more distinctly recognized than at the altar.

Judging from appearances the average parent is so materially organized as to ignore life's spiritual side, even in life's most distinguished crises; and yet without it we are animals and ought to run with the herd. As already said we cannot get away from beginnings. The genius of the oak is the preserved genius that was in the acorn. The last tone of the anthem is the echo of its first note.

Maternity carries an infinite responsibility and that responsibility dates back to the child's initial moment, and, as in the instance of Hannah, to a period even prior to that moment. Women are evading maternity; in part because children are regarded by them as an incumbrance, and in part because they so imperfectly interpret the import of their own constitution as to fail of finding an obligation involved in that constitution. Women may pride themselves upon their capacity for public activities, even though bringing into the world with them no unmistakable indication of such capacity; but they do bring into the world with them unmistakable evidence that they were designed to be mothers, and by exchanging the nursery for the rostrum and the hustings evince a sensitiveness to the call of their own ambition which they deny to the call of nature, which is the voice of God; for every physical function is a divine mandate.

It is unfortunate for our civilization that this mis-

interpretation of God's purpose in constituting woman as he has, is practiced so widely among the superior ranks of our population; but it is perhaps equally unfortunate that that purpose is so multitudinously executed among the inferior ranks, thus rendering the negligence of the other class only the more disastrous. Much as we are damaged by the tremendous influx of indiscriminate human material from abroad, the worst feature of it may easily be the exceptional fecundity of that material and the free scope that is given to it; so that in proportion to its numbers it contributes much more numerously to population than does the element of cultivated native Americans; in that way steadily operating to depress the tone of national life. It is only a problem of arithmetic to determine what the ultimate issue will be if present conditions are indefinitely continued.

What I have designated as life's commencement is to be understood as extending considerably later than the prenatal period and as embracing also that stadium of life in which the foundations of character are laid, and which constitute still a part of the territory subject only to maternal control. No one can administer it as the mother's substitute. Except in cases where there are insurmountable obstacles, for a mother to sublet her responsibility at this stage of the game is a wicked and unnatural evasion. In order to realize that it is against nature she need only inspect the cow-pen and the sheepfold. There are lessons that we can learn even from the conduct of dumb beasts. They live close to nature and do not replace nature's laws by con-

ceits suggested by convenience or by new inventions. It is the mother-sheep that not only bears the lamb but that takes care of the lamb after its birth. To do otherwise would be to decline to be the lamb's mother. There are in these days very many motherless children both of whose parents are still living.

It is in the period following on after birth that are laid what I have called the foundations of character, and during which only the mother is the competent administrator. It is to the mother that the infant instinctively clings and in her that every advantage of influence inheres. To thrust the little dependent upon a hired nurse is an act of unnatural disinheritance. This unconscious clinging of the child contains in it the rudiments of affection, an affection which in due course generates the impulse of obedience; so that, by the law of nature, out of the warmth of the maternal atmosphere develops the twin experience of love and law, the surrender of the heart and the surrender of the will. Those two surrenders I call the foundations of character. They are what, as they are duly developed, compose the framework of fine and robust manhood and womanhood. The later section of our Bible devotes itself to one; the earlier section to the other. And what I insist upon and what I know is, that no one can initiate a child into the introductory chapters of that lesson like a good mother. Upon that point there is no room for contradiction.

In character building as in other forms of construction primary consideration has to be given to fundamentals. Foundation cannot be introduced after erec-

tion is already in progress. It is therefore never too early to cultivate the love impulse in the child and to inculcate the lesson of respect for authority. Such lessons are never so well conveyed by verbal precept as by personal influence making itself inwardly felt without being articulate. Precepts that we force upon the attention of a child usually rebound. We can have no less ambition for a child than that it be possessed of a loving disposition, and a yielding nature, so that it will love because it is its impulse to love, and obey because it possesses the genius of obedience. When those two qualities become fundamental to the child's personal character, the child is safe and has become an experimental fulfillment of the Gospel and the Law.

To no one but the mother does that become quite capable of accomplishment. She is the only one that can so put her influence at the very first stages of young development, and so preoccupy capacities of affection and loyalty as to secure mastery there before opposite tendencies have had opportunity to invade the moral domain. In that way by moulding the child's present she constructs the child's future, and by fashioning the little boy or girl makes the man and woman.

Any woman who is not prepared for that kind and intensity of maternal development will do well to decline the overtures of wifehood. She will serve the world better by not placing herself in a position likely to increase the irresponsible element of our population and to add to the number of those who come up without being brought up. I have no sympathy with the hundreds and thousands of mothers that in these days

are claiming that they have no control over their children. The thing needed is not control *over* their children but the early establishment *in* the children of those impulses of love and that gentle respect for authority that will operate with the effect of an interior magistracy. I believe that there is no kind of training that comes so close to the world's present needs as that which will give to intending wives a delicate appreciation of the entire problem of motherhood, its responsibilities and its opportunities, and the relation of young culture to the weal or woe of the world.

Life is a precious boon and that there are so many at present that undervalue it and that even purposely abbreviate it, is an unhappy symptom of the times. Most of us, however, love life and are hoping to continue to a ripe age and after this life to go on living forever. To what extent its continuance is subject to our own determination is indicated in the following article on

17.

THE ART OF LONGEVITY

The above title must not be construed to indicate that duration of life is subject to individual control except within narrow limits. The basal fact upon which we have to proceed is that the term of each man's life is predetermined by the constitution which he brings with him into the world. Solomon seems to have understood this when he asked,—"Why should a man die before his time?" There is a point this side of which it is not intended that a man should die and beyond which it is not intended that he should live.

Human life is conditional in that particular very much as is an ordinary time-piece. One clock is made to run twenty-four hours. Another will not require to be wound up oftener than once a week or perhaps three weeks. It depends entirely on the way it is constructed. A seven-day clock cannot be constrained to run three weeks, however liberally it may be lubricated; and a one-day clock can be confidently depended upon to run twenty-four hours, provided its works are not meddled with and it is allowed to work out its constitutional destiny.

(Since this article was originally written, Professor Pearl of Johns Hopkins University has made similar use of the clock in illustration of the same principle, that the term of human life is already prescribed in the physical constitution that a man brings with him into the world.)

In the case of the clock destiny is determined by the manufacturer. It is settled when it comes out of the shop. As soon as it makes its first tick the question is already decided how many more ticks it will make, assuming of course that it is given the chance appropriate to its method of construction and that its interior mechanism is not interfered with. So that "the art of longevity" does not consist in a scheme for living *longer* than we are constructed to live but in using the means by which we may live *as long* as we were constructed to live.

In the case of the child heredity occupies the place of the clock-maker. In that the child plays no part. We cannot choose our parents. It is matter of fore-

ordination. We are entirely in the hands of God and our ancestry up to the time when we come into the exercise of free agency. And even when that period of irresponsibility is passed the most that we can do is to allow the mechanism of life unobstructed opportunity to work itself out according to the laws of its own make.

In the same way that we can leave the clock unlubricated, can monkey with its mechanical adjustments, expose it to dust that will encumber its bearings, so in a considerable variety of ways we can embarrass the natural processes of life, and thus defeat life's constitutional intention; and it is only in refraining from the infliction of such embarrassments that consists the art of longevity. But with whatever punctilious constancy we refrain from such infliction we shall not thereby postpone the appointed hour of our death.

Barring exceptions, brutes when left to themselves, last as long as they are intended to last. They live the natural life, unembarrassed by artificialities. They exist in the sunshine and breathe nature's uncorrupted air. Their apparel furnished by nature offers no obstruction to the natural processes of life. Their food is only that which is adapted to their physical demands, untainted by unhygienic delicacies. They eat to live, not live to eat. Their drink is only that which Adam and Eve had prior to the fall. The space which they occupy is sufficiently ample to avoid the necessity of crowding. They build no cities but confine themselves to the country.

While in a state of nature they allow themselves all the sleep they require and although they have to earn their living it costs them, as a rule, no more effort and exercise than is conducive to health, and have sufficient time remaining for rest and for the practice of such antics as meet their animal demands.

They take no thought for the morrow and do not burden themselves with the expectation of adverse conditions that have not yet arrived and very probably never will. In that and some other respects, they reap the advantage of their stupidity. We pay for our superiority to the brute by having some years cut off at the end of life. The further we get away from nature the shorter tends to be the distance between our cradle and our grave.

There will always be progressives and conservatives. Every complete harness contains both tugs and holdbacks. The sky illustrates the balanced play of centrifugence and centripetence. My own tendency of thought is set forth in this article on

18.

INNOVATIONS

The presumption is always in favor of the old as against the new. The new is untried, and is therefore necessarily experimental. Every year that the old has been in force is a separate argument for its validity. It has the endorsement of the thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands that have accepted it and stood by it. It requires colossal assurance to say of a hundred

thousand or a million people that they are cherishing a wrong conception and are living at the impulse of it.

We do not have to plead for the old, it pleads for itself. The new can in that particular show nothing for itself and has to depend entirely upon the guarantee of its advocates. So that in the first instance it is the advocates that require to be interrogated and investigated. Like any other witnesses their testimony will be worth only as much as they are themselves worth.

The early advocates of a new idea, doctrine or philosophy, will certainly come from the class of the light-minded people of the same temper as the Athenians that St. Paul described as interested only in hearing and telling some new thing. The readiness with which that class of mind espouses novelty is to be explained by the fact that the mental feebleness with which they have grasped previous conceptions makes them easy candidates for the acceptance of almost anything that is offered them in its place. An innovator is therefore certain to gather about him a quick but a cheap following, and to create so immediate and strong a draft as to delude and bewitch certain more competent minds that may nevertheless be sensitive to the argument of numbers.

There are two classes of innovators, of which one is composed of those who, by research or by accident, bring to view a fact or principle that can be established by objective demonstration, to which class belong such men as Galileo and Sir Isaac Newton.

A much larger class is made up of those who work

in the realm of idea, rather than of concrete and tangible fact. Truth, of course, is from everlasting and has its existence in the being of God, while an idea is only an attempt at truth and comes and goes with the mind that develops it. That in every right-angled triangle the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides is a truth. It was a truth before the world was made. A mathematician discovered it. No mathematician could have invented it. Even God did not make it. It inheres in his nature.

Truth then is not what we dispute about but attempts at truth that have their origin only in the human mind. They may have a truth underlying them or they may not. Or they may be half truth and half human notion, quite unlike the mathematical proposition just mentioned. Our ideas are only an invention, not a discovery and bear the complexion of the mind that produces them. Tell me the character and quality of a man and I will tell you the type of his philosophy and theology. It is like plants which derive their nature from the nature of the soil.

The only possible value of discussion,—and ordinarily it has no value at all,—is that it acquaints each of the disputants with his opponent's views and gives him opportunity to appropriate them. That is not the usual result of discussion, however, for it regularly ends in making each man satisfied with his own opinion and more antagonistic to the opinion which he combats.

A large class of innovators is composed of what are

known as free-thinkers, by which term we may understand those with whom absolute truth means so little that one person is allowed to have the same right to his opinion that the next man has to his, regardless of the fact that no man has a right to an opinion that is not a right opinion; and unrestrained by the consideration that we are no more justified in circulating questionable opinions than we are in passing suspicious money. Ideas are mental currency and we cheat a person to whom in the way of conversation or debate we pass an opinion that has not been minted, and impressed with the authorized stamp. Each man is free to keep in his pocket, his mental pocket, any kind of mental currency he pleases but not to employ it in intellectual traffic. "Free thought" is not an expression to be tolerated among reasonable beings, for it is equivalent to claiming that a man's opinions stand to truth in no relation of accountability.

Novel ideas are often propounded by people in retaliation upon some accepted opinion that crosses the grain of their own prejudices; in the same spirit and at the same impulse that impels a bad boy to disbelieve in corporeal punishment or that constrains an idle student to take exception to a strictly constructed curriculum. Religious creeds are more indebted to prejudice and to preference than to Scripture. There is no confidence to be placed in convictions, religious or otherwise, except to the degree that their advocate has been able to count himself out in the framing of them. The boy does not believe in corporeal punishment because he has no taste for a whipping. The father does

believe in it because his days of being whipped are over.

Perhaps it is because of the beauty of my own early surroundings that I lay so heavy emphasis upon the home. But at any rate it is the home, the family, not the individual, that is the unit of society. The individual is always a fraction. Anything or anybody that is unattached is a fraction. So that it is justly to be urged that

19.

NATIONAL CHARACTER IS DEPENDENT ON DOMESTIC CHARACTER

It is the home, not the individual, that is the ultimate unit in our civilization. Individuals can be counted upon if the homes are taken care of. The home is the one original institution and the basis of everything that makes for a sound collective life, and is constituted in the conjugal union of one man and one woman. That is the divine order of things; first, a healthy conjugal basis and second, concentrated attention devoted to whatever in the shape of boy or girl develops from that basis. This covers considerable ground but is simply stated and if accepted and practiced, guarantees a normal and healthful social and political life.

We should be a happy and successful people if as much care were expended in giving things a *good* start as there is in correcting them after they have had a *bad* start. One has only to consider what are the humanitarian lines along which human power and

money power are being invested to realize how much of it goes to the undoing of what has been done faultily. The public is administering a kind of varied and universal hospital directed to a hundred species of curative enterprises. Society spends its time getting well. It takes but a moment to fall down and six months for the bones to knit that were broken by falling down. Repairs get in the way of construction.

As already indicated our fundamental concern is with the conjugal basis,—one man and one woman bound to each other in ties of holy matrimony. I am particular to call it *holy* matrimony, for if of any other kind, it makes no difference by what formalities the nuptial tie is sealed. Marriages that are the product of animal passions, or that are developed from financial or social considerations, are unholy, and made no more holy by being countenanced by the rites of the church. The town clerk's license and clerical benediction do not render sound that which is inherently unsound; and the increasing frequency with which marriage serves as the necessary preliminary to divorce, makes it evident that matrimony has been despoiled of considerable of that sweet solemnity by which it was characterized in days gone by.

Nor is the frequency of divorce, in itself considered, the most ominous feature of the situation, for vastly more marriages hold to the end of life than are officially annulled in mid-life. What we have quite as much to fear is the tendency, fostered by the frequency of divorce, to regard *all* marriages, even marriage itself, as a commonplace transaction, a social amusement, pos-

sessed of only the same degree of sacred dignity as any other business arrangement. Under existing conditions all of that, even though not confessed, can easily find a hidden place in the minds of candidates even when standing before the altar. I did once have what amounted to such confession, made by a bride who had just covenanted to be the lifelong helpmate of her chosen spouse, and who said while that spouse was settling with the officiating clergyman,—"This is making a good deal of fuss about a small matter, isn't it?" I would have divorced them on the spot if it had lain within my province, for divorce was sure to eventuate and it might have prevented possible children from being nurtured by an unfit mother.

That by an easy transition leads to what I stated to be the second part of our matter, namely, concentrated attention devoted to whatever in the shape of boy or girl develops from the conjugal basis, in other words the maintenance and administration of a home.

The word home involves a sentiment which does not find itself in the German word "haus." We gain a suspicion of what the sentiment is, from the fact that we always say a "boarding *house*" never a "boarding *home*." "Apartment *house*" not an apartment *home,* for the true home is not a caravansary but a kind of sanctuary.

I speak from personal knowledge of what a true home is, for I grew up in one. Home, as I knew it, was a kind of nest, the place where I expected to be unless something especial called and held me elsewhere. My parents contributed to the interests and well-being

of the children but did so especially by making the home itself pleasant, comfortable and healthful. They treated home as the gardener treats his blooming little responsibilities, in that he spends less effort on the individual plants than he does on the soil they root in and the atmosphere they respire. They could vouch for the children if they could succeed in making home dear to them, and so dear that after the parents are gone hence, the affection of the children would still return to the old homestead.

Mothers are saying that it is difficult to keep their daughters from running the street. When I was a boy I used to have to look after the cows and when they had gotten the grass cropped close on father's land, they would jump the fence into our neighbor's lot. The cows were not to blame; the girls are not to blame. It is due to scarcity of domestic forage. A mother was recently asked in regard to her daughter. She replied that really she knew very little about her, she was herself so taxed by her social duties and her public engagements that she had very little time to look after her. That is one of the fruits of the enfranchisement of women! I think that in course of time the public will realize that the recent so-called uplift of woman involved rather the depression of her own sex and the impaired advantage of society as a whole.

A little time ago while in the barber's chair I fell to talking with him about his family and how in these difficult days he got along with his children. (By the way, there is a good deal to be gathered from the common sense of respectable people of the working

class. Their intelligence has not been spoiled by over-refinement.) "We have no difficulty with our children. We keep them off the streets by making them contented and happy at home. The whole family often go out together and by keeping parents and children interested in each other and giving the younger members pleasures suited to them without having to go outside after them we are saved the troubles and anxieties that so many parents are subject to."

It is noticeable from this story that the father feels that he and his wife are jointly responsible for the children's loyalty to their home. Fathers are apt to shirk the responsibility and to claim exemption on the ground that they meet the extent of their accountability by earning the money needed for meeting household expenses. Money is not a personal asset. It cannot do personal work. Particularly as the children grow the father's personal touch is indispensable. A girl and especially a boy who has not experienced paternal ministration suffers a loss from which after years of contact with the male sex will not perfectly indemnify him.

Sprung as I am from the working classes, and having spent my earliest years upon the farm, I have never ceased to feel myself sympathetically identified with

20.

THE MEN WHO LABOR

By this is understood the men who work with their hands. While it is recognized that both the employing

classes and the laboring classes are essential to the best administration of the public's interests, it is to the latter of the two that the place of secondary dignity is accorded, notwithstanding the fact that if either of the two had to be eliminated it is the laboring class that could least easily be dispensed with.

Civilization begins at the ground. The body and what the body can do is life's primary essential.

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Where was then the gentleman?"

Everything rests on a physical basis. Disturb the relation which the farming community sustains to the life of the people and the whole fabric of society is shaken. Let the railroad workers of the country go out on strike and we experience a national paralysis.

While the importance of manual labor is recognized,—has to be recognized,—the dignity of those who render it is not recognized. They are valued not for what they are, but for the amount of work they will turn out. Neither intelligence nor personal character counts, except so far as it conditions the amount and quality of their output. In that respect they stand in public estimate at the same level with inanimate machines.

It is well understood by them that they are employed simply because no machine has yet been invented that will do their work as well. So fast as such machines have been devised they are thrown out of their jobs. Of course that creates in them a mortifying consciousness that they are rated simply as tools,—tools employed by capital in order to the increase of capital. A

new mechanical invention therefore is rated according to the number of human workers it can displace.

Those are facts too evidently true to admit of question. The market value of a manual laborer is calculated on the basis of how much he contributes to the man who does not labor with his hands, perhaps does not labor at all. The value inherent in the man himself because of his intelligence or moral character does not figure in the calculation.

When it is a question of how much a man is worth it is instantly understood to be an enquiry as to the amount of his holdings: not an enquiry as to the value of the man himself, but only as to the value of what he possesses. Weighed in the scales of intelligence and character an employé may have double the worth of his employer; but in industrialism that does not signify except so far as it makes of the fellow a more profitable implement, so that as between the two it is money that is the determining asset, not manhood; and it can easily be the case that the better of the two is the consciously humiliated tool of the worse of the two.

Such a situation means unrest and means mischief: fruitful in peril and in disaster, till the employer as distinctly recognizes the value of his employé considered as a man, as he does his pecuniary value considered as a human machine. The problem of industrialism is not a matter of legislation nor one of wages, but of the reciprocal respect cherished toward one another by the coöperant parties. And the higher the moral and intellectual grade of the employé the more essential is such respect to the maintenance of pacific relations.

There seems to be another common feature of inequity in the relation between employer and employé which consists in fixing the wage of the employé without some reference to the amount of profits earned by the company to which he renders service. If profits are out of proportion to wages there is injustice done either to employer or employé. If disproportion is in favor of the laborer then his compensation involves injustice to the corporation or employer. If the disproportion works to the advantage of the employer then the laborer is inadequately compensated; for he does more for the corporation than the corporation does for him, and a balance is still due him after his stipulated wage has been paid. The fact that it is optional with him to work or to get out if he wants to, does not touch the ethics of the situation. The one question to settle is whether he is paid all that he is worth to his employer; if not he has a righteous grievance; and if he is housed only in straightened quarters he contemplates with bitterness of spirit the palatial mansion of the man he works for, who will venture to say that his bitterness is not justified?

That there is nothing absurd in my contention seems to be indicated by the action recently taken by Mr. Henry A. Dix, as reported in the New York *Times* issue of Thursday, December 28th, 1922, as follows:

"Mr. Dix at the age of seventy-two has turned over his long-established million-dollar-a-year business to his employés without getting a cent from them in exchange for it." He insists that he is not "giving" them anything; "that he had prospered through the faith and

honesty and diligence of his workers so that in reality what they were reaping now was simply a just reward."

Such instances have hitherto been rare and been considered as not only remarkable but implying on the part of the munificent capitalist a surrender to his employés that was unreasonable and almost freakish. It does not appear however that such an act is anything more than the rendering of a quid pro quo and seems so clearly such that we ought to expect that it will become more and more frequent as the relation between employer and employé is more intelligently and justly appreciated.

A man does not know how to live till his life has been already lived, and then it is too late. Two of the most difficult questions requiring to be solved confront him before his experience is sufficient to qualify him for their solution. One of them is the question of a wife; the other

21.

THE DETERMINATION OF HIS LIFE WORK

Waste of resources is the secret of poverty. If we are poor it is less because of what we lack than because we squander or misapply that which we possess.

This is true of the State as well as of the individual. The State is a reckless squanderer. It squanders its oil; it squanders its mines, its rivers and its forests. Gifford Pinchot, an authority upon Forestry, asserts that we are destroying our forests four times as fast as we are reproducing them. Oil, coal, water and wood

are the four fundamental elements of our material existence as a nation.

What the nation is doing on a large scale, the individual does in his smaller way, and one way of so doing is to fail to devote himself to such pursuit as will engage his entire outfit of personal resource, physical and mental, leaving no element unemployed and unutilized. This is a matter which bears directly upon one's success in life, but which never occurred to me and was never brought to my attention till long after I had fixed upon my life work. Nor do I believe that it is often taken into account by those who are prospectively shaping their career.

The practical significance of the principle here proposed can be shown by a simple illustration. If a man owns stock in six different companies but cuts off and cashes the coupons attached to only one of the six bonds, he is practically five bonds poorer than his actual holdings permit him to be. Hardly would any one be deliberately so indifferent to the practical value of his material assets as to practice so expensive a neglect; and yet there is a class of values where the commission of a similar act of more expensive oversight is of common occurrence, almost constant occurrence.

We are severally made up of faculties, each of which can be exercised, and when exercised produces some result; and when two or more of them are made to exercise in combination there will be produced a bigger and a richer result; and the greater the number that work coöperatively the larger and finer will be the outcome. A man delivers an address. We will say that

he uses only his brain. The intellectual members of his audience will very likely be satisfied, but a considerable number of his hearers will give him only languid attention. Another speaker, equally intelligent, has also a heart which pulses in a way to give color and warmth to his words and the sleepy members of the audience begin to wake up. It is the same address as before but there is more of the speaker in it. But it may be carried still further to the point where even the body of the speaker becomes involved, and the man instead of standing like a dummy on a pedestal, becomes physically participant in the harangue, and we say of such a speaker that he puts his entire self into it, brain, soul, and physique; and all the auditors are now alert.

Those are simply illustrations of the principle that was rudely exemplified in coupon-cutting. So that the normal enquiry to be raised on planning for the future is, What form of activity can I commit myself to that will involve the investment of the largest number of my potentialities and leave the smallest possible number unengaged? It is because we fail at the outset to raise and answer the question,—*What is the service into which I can come most nearly to the putting of my entire self* that so large a percentage of actual efficiency is wasted and utterly lost to the world. In consequence of which we become disqualified for doing justice to ourselves or to the public. We cut one coupon and waste the five.

When we go to the tailor to have a coat made the first thing he does is to take our measure. It is quite a serious feature of coat manufacture. The coat will

prove a misfit unless all the eccentricities of bodily contour are taken into the account. All who are particular to secure a good fit insist upon a garment that is custom-made, not ready-made. The service with which the average young man equips himself is ready-made, is chosen and put on with no nice preliminary attention being paid to the matter of adjustment, so that he sets out in life with the attempt to do what is imperfectly fitted to him and omits undertaking a work into which he might have thrown himself with the bulk of his powers cordially assenting, and guaranteeing a life of large and bountiful success.

And just as it is always the case that a man in need of a coat cannot take his own measure as well as the tailor, so it is that others will often, and perhaps usually, fit us to our proper scheme of life more wisely than we can ourselves. Something of an attempt has already been made to handle this matter scientifically. As long ago as 1908 at the impulse of Mr. Frank Parsons, all the boys of his acquaintance who were soon to graduate from the elementary schools were called together with a view to considering with them whether they had any reasonable plan for the future. This was a modest beginning but resulted in opening an office in which all Boston boys and girls upon leaving school had an opportunity to receive suggestions as to the selection of a calling best adapted to their several aptitudes. The matter was enthusiastically, and with more scientific exactitude, taken up by Hugo Münsterberg, who was repeatedly consulted by those who had the appointing power in different lines of Industry, and

who has written at length upon the subject in his work entitled "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency."

Practical results would certainly be accomplished if some qualified person could be officially designated to take up this question with those who are at the point of graduating from our high schools and colleges. For there are no people sunken in a deeper abysm of perplexity than some who have just been handed their graduating diploma, and who by miscalculating their adaptations and entering upon a course of service to which they can contribute only a fraction of their efficiency, do themselves an injustice and confer upon the public only a portion of the benefit to which the public is entitled.

We are all of us more or less bad, and the point at which the badness becomes so extreme that one ought to be shut up or hung for it is not easily determinable. There is always, or almost always, so much humanity mixed with our inhumanity that we cannot readily be sorted into two distinct classes.

22.

TREATING CRIMINALS AS MORAL INVALIDS

There are some ideas regarding criminals and the way they should be dealt with, which are so consonant with the criminal's innate humanness that there is reason to believe they will eventually be adopted into practice. There is no immediate promise of their acceptance as a policy of action, but there has been, during

the past half century, so manifest a tendency toward a liberalized attitude in matters relating to law-breakers, that it affords ground for hoping and even expecting a still broader latitude in a not too distant future. All such widening of policy,—the cautious introduction of indeterminate sentence, for example,—has proceeded from the growing suspicion that criminality does not withdraw a person from the category of the human. We so often find ourselves wishing that we could break the law ourselves, that we realize the fraternal tie that unites us with the man who does break it.

My conception of the matter does not intend a greater tolerance of crime, but rather a greater intolerance, and yet at the same time a sharper discrimination between a crime and the person who commits it. The question lies between treating the criminal by a policy that is predominantly retributive or by one that is distinctly curative.

A criminal is a man, but a man who is morally ailing. A man who is physically ailing is sent to the hospital, not with a view to punishing him because he is sick, but in the interest of his recovery, and with the general understanding that he will remain there till he is convalescent or till he dies.

An experienced ex-warden states that in a recent year nearly half a million prisoners were released and that sixty per cent of them were subsequently sent back. The effect of having, say two hundred and fifty thousand criminals running loose between the close of their first incarceration and the commencement of their second is something fearful to contemplate. It is like

unchaining a plague and letting it run its course, or like catching a rabid dog, giving him a severe thrashing and then letting him loose. For in the case of the two hundred and fifty thousand, just mentioned, each was as much a criminal at heart, and very likely in conduct, during the time of his release as during his incarceration.

When a patient is brought to the hospital and it is indicated how long he will probably be obliged to remain, it is manifestly unjust to him to retain him till that time if he has previously become sufficiently convalescent to be dismissed. Equally unjust is it not to retain him beyond that time if he is not yet sufficiently restored. Whatever in other respects may be the regulations of the hospital and the rigor of their enforcement, everything as to longer or shorter retention under treatment depends upon the state of the patient.

Why should not that policy be applied in the treatment of men who are *morally* ailing? At any rate applied in principle even if with some modifications? If, as said, sixty per cent of released prisoners eventually return to prison it indicates that confinement is an exceedingly feeble deterrent. The advantage of hospital treatment of invalids is that it retains the patient till he is cured if cure is possible. To release him prior to such result is to undo the effects of treatment and to put him as far back as he was originally, if not further. And to retain him after he is cured is to do him a wrong and to deprive the public of the use of his services.

I believe that imprisonment works deterioration unless the prisoner is treated as possessed of honorable

possibilities while he is incarcerated, and retained there till the evil virus is eliminated; and no longer. He should be kept at work and paid what his work is worth, with proper discount for expense of food and lodging. He should be promoted to more and more profitable line of employment according as he shows himself qualified. As in a hospital so in a prison, the real character of the place should, as far as possible, be disguised. He should have the opportunity and the ameliorating influence of contact with such friends as will exert upon him an elevating influence.

To decide when the criminal has become a changed man is a weighty and delicate responsibility which should be vested in men of keen discernment and exalted dignity of character, neither too lenient nor too exacting in their demands. And when they are agreed that one is abundantly deserving of confidence he should be treated as deserving of dismissal, with this qualification, that for such length of time as may be determined upon he should be classed as a probationer.

Such a scheme will considerably lengthen the average term of confinement of the less desirable class of criminals, and abbreviate the term of those who are less objectionable. It will make imprisonment a means of wholesome moral education and will go far toward eliminating the retributive feature of current penology.

Our convicts should not be regarded as belonging to a distinct genus. We need to remember that the distinction between recognized convicts and a very considerable class that, in impulse at least, lie close to the dividing line is not sufficiently broad to allow of a clear

and radical classification. There is a problematic cast of character of which it might be said that it is on both sides of the line.

One reason why the modification of prison methods has proceeded so gradually is that prisoners are the only class of our population in which the public at large takes little or no interest. Once they pass behind bars we count them out. So far as current general interest in them and sympathy with them are concerned, to go to jail is to be buried alive,—in sheer indifference to the word of Scripture,—"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

The idea regularly instilled into the mind of young people is that concentration is the measure of success, just as the greatest heat is secured by focussing a burning glass upon a minute point. My disbelief in that doctrine and the reason for that disbelief I have undertaken to express as follows:—

23.

A PRIMARY AND AN AUXILIARY LIFE'S PURPOSE

Man, like the bird, requires to be double-pinioned in order to wing a successful flight. He needs, in order to his life's best results, to sustain himself upon the support of a double interest, his primary purpose and occupation being tempered by one that is secondary. While there can, of course, be only one supreme purpose, yet one can in such way enslave himself to that

purpose, as to be enfeebled by the very confinement and intensity of his self-expenditure.

A secondary interest affords wholesome relaxation from the strain of a primary interest. Without suspending the mind's activities it affords mental relief by releasing those activities and letting them play for a time in another field. Change in such case means refreshment. To use a very homely illustration, even a horse will do more work with less weariness if instead of being confined to a single trolley line, he is employed here and there upon the open road. Monotony robs even the noblest of service of some of its zest. When one man saws wood and another splits, till they are tired, they can change about and go on working without knowing they are tired. The mind is exactly like the body in that particular and can do double work by expending itself in double directions. Life is short and we want to put as much into it as possible but not at the expense of an overdrawn physical account.

The author of "The Americanization of Edward Bok" relates that when a boy he was invited to breakfast by Oliver Wendell Holmes. After breakfast the Doctor took him into his carpenter shop. "This shop," he said, "is my medicine. I believe that every man must have a hobby that is as different from his regular work as it is possible to be. It is not good for a man to work all the time at one thing. Don't keep always at your business. It makes no difference how much you like it. The more you like it the more dangerous it is. When you grow up you will understand what I mean by an 'outlet,'—a hobby, that is,—in your life

and it must be so different from your regular work that it will take your thoughts into an entirely different direction."

Every relation with the great outside world into which our life work brings us, accomplishes two results. It opens the way by which we can put upon that world the touch of our personal influence. That is easily understood and need not be commented upon. If however I can work upon the world through more than one avenue of approach and can do it without sacrificing the efficiency of my main ambition, then I am doing two men's work; and not only that, it will enhance and dignify the influence that I shall exercise while engaged in the prosecution of my primary purpose.

For example, it is said of a person whose entire life is undividedly devoted to gain, that he is nothing but a money-maker. He may do an honest business and will probably be successful in it if he gives his entire thought to it and leaves all other interests aside. But honest or not he will be classed simply as a fortune-getter, a money machine.

Suppose, however, that in addition to qualifying himself for mercantile pursuit he had prepared himself, as a subordinate ambition, to adopt some collateral interest that lay outside of the street and that was definitely human in its scope. He would then never be compromisingly regarded as a money-getter, whatever might be the amount of his gains in dollars and cents. In writing that I have had definitely in mind some prominent men of affairs in New York whose

character and place in public regard is accurately pictured by that portrayal, men thoroughly devoted to business but with an auxiliary regard for some department of human interest.

Or suppose the case of a clergyman who knows nothing and thinks of nothing but what is immediately involved in his clerical profession. An outward attitude of respect will be maintained toward him, but the inward attitude, if told in frank English, would be: "He is nothing but a minister. All he knows is the Bible and the catechism and all he can do is to preach; too ethereal to be made available for service on terrestrial ground; so distanced from the practicalities of life as to have no opinion regarding them that is worth consulting."

Then again we cannot have a valid knowledge of one matter except as that knowledge is rectified by a knowledge of some other matter, or some other matters, the more the better. A man of one idea can never be trusted. All truths are relative to each other. This is so perfectly true that it is necessary to understand that one cannot know anything perfectly unless one knows all things. That can be illustrated on a small scale by saying that one requires to be acquainted with a number of other sciences in order to be a geologist. Matters link into each other.

Whatever interest one commits one's self to, provided it be an interest of any moment, there is nothing whatsoever that one can know that will not in some way contribute to the successful prosecution of that interest. One leg may be very sound, but we need two legs in

order to walk. A bird may have one healthy wing, but it needs a second in order to be able to fly. Each working alone carries the bird to the right or left of its purposed destination. Working together each rectifies the inadequate effects of the other and the two operating in combination bring the bird to its intended point.

Which is a simple way of presenting the matter but illustrates the principle which ought to be respected by all who are seeking to do a large work in the world, that the only fit that will serve such a purpose is not only an intense fit, but a wide and various fit composed of a rich diversity of qualification.

It is necessary to draw a line between Meum and Tuum, but the mistake comes when we draw too black a line. When the people of Pittsfield, Mass., inaugurated the system of village improvement they did well to pull down the fences between adjacent lots, yet each householder retained the deed of his own property. To live mutually as well as individually; to live internationally as well as nationally, those are our problems.

24.

OUR INTERNATIONAL FUTURE

The progress of event, fostered by scientific discovery, by commercial interchange and by condensation of population, has brought the nations of the world into directness of relation to each other which was never deliberately planned, but from which, now that it has come, can never be receded from.

The time is past when any people can live exclusively its own life. So far as we are ourselves concerned even the Atlantic and the Pacific do not qualify us to live a detached existence. We have become a family of nations, however ill adapted and incongruous its members, and even though the domestic spirit is more the product of external pressure than of internal impulse. It is rather an artificial adjustment to inevitable conditions, for the world has only two hemispheres and there is no globe short of the seven planets into which we can either retreat ourselves or drive incompatible neighbors. It was a serious moment in the world's history when in 1492 the Orient commenced to flow over into the Occident and the last refuge for compressed populations began to be availed of. The next thing beyond California is China.

Plagues used to serve the purpose of escape-valve but science has interfered with nature and defeated its malicious intentions. The wildness of Chinese rivers does something every year to relieve the pressure of the local population, but President Edmunds, who has spent some years studying local conditions, tells us that the science of engineering will be able to chain the Yellow River and make it a means of furnishing sustenance to the people instead of overwhelming them in annual deluge.

And so we see what is in front of us. We cannot escape each other. By normal process of death we shall be individually eliminated, but others will come in our place and more and more of them. We may be able eventually to communicate with Mars, but what we

have already achieved in the way of elevated railways contains no suggestion of a mode of construction that is not more largely composed of substructure than of superstructure. We may be able sometime to make intelligible signs to the Martians but we shall never go to see them, and shall never relieve the pressure at home by colonizing alongside of their problematical "canals."

This globe is destined to be sometime the scene of unspeakable tragedy. We have recently had four years of it, due in part to the crowded condition of population. One shrinks from considering too intently the distant years. But those years are coming. They are certainly on the way. When the strain becomes over-severe legislation may adopt the policy of Herod and enact the slaughter of all male children from two years old and upward, or make it a capital offense to live above the age of forty. I am only trying to make the reader realize the inevitable, and to have a lively sense of one aspect of the social problem.

If we cannot avert tragedy we may be able to some extent to postpone it. The world's population will be able to live together a great deal longer if we have an abiding sense of each other than if we have only a sense of ourselves; if we think socially than if we think only individually. It is the fraternal sense that even now keeps people from devouring each other. Under the constraint of christian impulse the thought of each man of us covers also the next man, and with ever diminishing warmth and intensity broadens itself out over our neighbor and state. We are able with some degree

of sympathy to think and feel nationally. That is as far as we have gone yet, and not all have gone even that far. We are not thinking *internationally*. Everything outside of the United States is definitely foreign, with the possible exception of Canada, for a Canadian is almost one of *us*. That is expressed by our unfortified Northern frontier.

When we look from an object that is close by to one that is remote the eye changes its focus. When we transfer our thought from our own country to France, for example, our thought changes its focus. That is to say that we think of it nationally but not internationally. Our prime conception is of its distinction from us, not of its identification with us. It is not part of our world. Our interests do not absorb into themselves its interests. In order to think of France and ourselves one thought does not suffice us, does not, except so far as we have a sense of French interests without an abated sense of our American interests, which is what I understand by thinking internationally, thinking as a cosmopolitan, thinking as one whose fundamental relation is with the world rather than with one's own particular part of the world. It is simply an extension of the conception that a true American has that his basal obligation is to the United States rather than to any one single State. All the efforts which in a rather tardy way we are making to improve conditions abroad are in the nature of internationalism except so far as they are put forth with a view to the reflex advantage that may thereby accrue to ourselves. Our

prime belonging is to the world and our belonging to any particular portion of it secondary and incidental. Our Lord was the only perfect exemplification of that principle that history affords.

THE END

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